

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES
OF
MAJOR GAHAGAN,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
THE FATAL BOOTS
AND
BALLADS.

BY
W. M. THACKERAY.

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THE
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OF
MAJOR GAHAGAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction."

I THINK it but right that in making my appearance before the public I should at once acquaint them with my titles and name. My card, as I leave it at the houses of the nobility, my friends, is as follows: —

MAJOR GOLIAN O'GRADY GAHAGAN, H.E.I.C.S.,
Commanding Battalion of
Irregular Horse,
AHMEDNUGGAR.

Seeing, I say, this simple visiting ticket, the world will avoid any of those awkward mistakes as to my person, which have been so frequent of late. There has been no end to the blunders regarding this humble title of mine, and the confusion thereby created. When I published my volume of poems, for instance, the *Morning Post* newspaper remarked, "that the Lyrics of the Heart, by Miss Gahagan, may be ranked among the *Thackeray, Miscellanies. III.*"

sweetest flowrets of the present spring season." The *Quarterly Review*, commenting upon my "Observations on the Pons Asinorum" (4to. London, 1836), called me "Doctor Gahagan," and so on. It was time to put an end to these mistakes, and I have taken the above simple remedy.

I was urged to it by a very exalted personage. Dining in August last at the palace of the T-l-r-e-s at Paris, the lovely young Duch-ss of Orl—ns (who, though she does not speak English, understands it as well as I do), said to me in the softest Teutonic, "*Lieber Herr Major, haben sie den Ahmednuggarischen-jäger-battalion gelassen?*" "*Warum denn?*" said I, quite astonished at her R—l H—ss's question. The P—cess then spoke of some trifle from my pen, which was simply signed Goliah Gahagan.

There was, unluckily, a dead silence as H. R. H. put this question.

"*Comment donc?*" said H. M. Lo-is Ph-l-ppe, looking gravely at Count Molé, "*le cher Major a quitté l'armée! Nicolas donc sera maître de l'Inde!*" H. M— and the Pr. M-n-ster pursued their conversation in a low tone, and left me, as may be imagined, in a dreadful state of confusion. I blushed and stuttered, and murmured out a few incoherent words to explain — but it would not do — I could not recover my equanimity during the course of the dinner; and while endeavouring to help an English duke, my neighbour, to *poulet à l'Austerlitz*, fairly sent seven mushrooms and three large greasy *croûtes* over his whiskers and shirt-frill. Another laugh at my expense. "*Ah! M. le Major,*" said the Q— of the B-lg—ns, archly, "*vous n'aurez jamais votre brevet de Colonel.*" Her M—y's joke will be better under-

stood when I state that his grace is the brother of a minister.

I am not at liberty to violate the sanctity of private life, by mentioning the names of the parties concerned in this little anecdote. I only wish to have it understood that I am a gentleman, and live at least in *decent* society. *Verbum sat.*

But to be serious. I am obliged always to write the name of Goliah in full, to distinguish me from my brother, Gregory Gahagan, who was also a major (in the King's service), and whom I killed in a duel, as the public most likely knows. Poor Greg! a very trivial dispute was the cause of our quarrel, which never would have originated but for the similarity of our names. The circumstance was this:— I had been lucky enough to render the Nawaub of Lucknow some trifling service (in the notorious affair of Choprasjee Muckjee), and his highness sent down a gold toothpick-case directed to Captain G. Gahagan, which I of course thought was for me: my brother madly claimed it; we fought, and the consequence was, that in about three minutes he received a slash in the right side (cut 6), which effectually did his business;— he was a good swordsman enough — I was ~~the~~ ^{the} best in the universe. The most ridiculous part of the affair is, that the toothpick-case was his, after all — he had left it on the Nawaub's table at ~~the~~ ^{the} tiffin. I can't conceive what madness prompted him to fight about such a paltry bauble; he had much better have yielded it at once, when he saw I was determined to have it. From this slight specimen of my adventures, the reader will perceive that my life has been one of no ordinary interest; and in fact, I may say that I have led a more remarkable life than any man in the service

— I have been at more pitched battles, led more forlorn hopes, had more success among the fair sex, drunk harder, read more, and been a handsomer man than any officer now serving her Majesty.

When I first went to India in 1802, I was a raw cornet of seventeen, with blazing red hair, six feet seven in height, athletic at all kinds of exercises, owing money to my tailor and everybody else who would trust me, possessing an Irish brogue, and my full pay of 120*l.* a-year. I need not say that with all these advantages I did that which a number of clever fellows have done before me — I fell in love, and proposed to marry immediately.

But how to overcome the difficulty? — It is true that I loved Julia Jowler — loved her to madness; but her father intended her for a member of council at least, and not for a beggarly Irish ensign. It was, however, my fate to make the passage to India (on board of the Samuel Snob, East Indiaman, Captain Duffy) with this lovely creature, and my misfortune instantaneously to fall in love with her. We were not out of the Channel before I adored her, worshipped the deck which she trod upon, kissed a thousand times the cuddy-chair on which she used to sit. The same madness fell on every man in the ship. The two mates fought about her at the Cape — the surgeon, a sober, pious Scotchman, from disappointed affection, took so dreadfully to drinking as to threaten spontaneous combustion — and old Colonel Lilywhite, carrying his wife and seven daughters to Bengal, swore that he would have a divorce from Mrs. L., and made an attempt at suicide — the captain himself told me, with tears in his eyes, that he hated

his hitherto-adored Mrs. Duffy, although he had had nineteen children by her.

We used to call her the witch — there was magic in her beauty and in her voice. I was spell-bound when I looked at her, and stark-staring mad when she looked at me! Oh, lustrous black eyes! — Oh, glossy night-black ringlets! — Oh, lips! — Oh, dainty frocks of white muslin! — Oh, tiny kid slippers! — though old and gouty, Gahagan sees you still! I recollect off Ascension, she looked at me in her particular way one day at dinner, just as I happened to be blowing on a piece of scalding hot green fat. I was stupified at once — I thrust the entire morsel (about half a pound) into my mouth. I made no attempt to swallow or to masticate it, but left it there for many minutes, burning, burning! I had no skin to my palate for seven weeks after, and lived on rice water during the rest of the voyage. The anecdote is trivial, but it shows the power of Julia Jowler over me.

The writers of marine novels have so exhausted the subject of storms, shipwrecks, mutinies, engagements, sea-sickness, and so forth, that (although I have experienced each of these in many varieties) I think it quite unnecessary to recount such trifling adventures; suffice it to say, that during our five months *trajet*, my mad passion for Julia daily increased; so did the captain's and the surgeon's; so did Colonel Lilywhite's; so did the doctor's, the mate's — that of most part of the passengers, and a considerable number of the crew. For myself, I swore — ensign as I was — I would win her for my wife; I vowed that I would make her glorious with my sword — that as soon as I had made a favourable impression on my commanding officer,

(which I did not doubt to create,) I would lay open to him the state of my affections, and demand his daughter's hand. With such sentimental outpourings did our voyage continue and conclude.

We landed at the Sunderbunds on a grilling hot day in December, 1802, and then for the moment Julia and I separated. She was carried off to her papa's arms in a palankeen, surrounded by at least forty Hookahbadars; whilst the poor cornet attended but by two dandies and a solitary beast, (by which unnatural name these blackamoors are called,) made his way humbly to join the regiment at head-quarters.

The —th regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Julius Jowler, C.B., was known throughout Asia and Europe by the proud title of the Bundelcund Invincibles — so great was its character for bravery, so remarkable were its services in that delightful district of India. Major Sir George Gutch was next in command, and Tom Thrupp, as kind a fellow as ever ran a Mahratta through the body, was second major. We were on the eve of that remarkable war which was speedily to spread throughout the whole of India, to call forth the valour of a Wellesley, and the indomitable gallantry of a Gahagan; which was illustrated by our victories at Ahmednuggar (where I was the first over the barricade at the storming of the Pettah); at Argaum where I slew with my own sword twenty-three matchlock men, and cut a dromedary in two; and by that terrible day of Assaye, where Wellesley would have been beaten but for me — me alone; I headed nineteen charges of cavalry, took (aided by only four men of my own troop) seventeen field-pieces, killing the scoundrelly French artillerymen; on that day

I had eleven elephants shot under me, and carried away Scindia's nose-ring with a pistol-ball. Wellesley is a duke and a marshal, I but a simple major of Irregulars; such is fortune and war! But my feelings carry me away from my narrative, which had better proceed with more order.

On arriving, I say, at our barracks at Dum Dum, I, for the first time put on the beautiful uniform of the Invincibles; a light blue swallow-tailed jacket with silver lace and wings, ornamented with about 3000 sugar-loaf buttons, rhubarb-coloured leather inexpressibles, (tights,) and red morocco boots with silver spurs and tassels, set off to admiration the handsome persons of the officers of our corps. We wore powder in those days, and a regulation pig-tail of seventeen inches, a brass helmet surrounded by leopard-skin, with a bear-skin top, and a horse-tail feather, gave the head a fierce and chivalrous appearance, which is far more easily imagined than described.

Attired in this magnificent costume, I first presented myself before Colonel Jowler. He was habited in a manner precisely similar, but not being more than five feet in height, and weighing at least fifteen stone, the dress he wore did not become him quite so much as slimmer and taller men. Flanked by his tail majors, Thrupp and Gutch, he looked like a stumpy skittle-ball between two attenuated skittles. The plump little Colonel received me with vast cordiality, and I speedily became a prime favourite with himself and the other officers of the corps. Jowler was the most hospitable of men, and, gratifying my appetite and my love together, I continually partook of his dinners, and feasted on the sweet presence of Julia.

I can see now, what I would not and could not perceive in those early days, that this Miss Jowler, on whom I had lavished my first and warmest love, whom I had endowed with all perfection and purity, was no better than a little impudent flirt, who played with my feelings, because during the monotony of a sea voyage she had no other toy to play with; and who deserted others for me, and me for others, just as her whim or her interest might guide her. She had not been three weeks at head-quarters when half the regiment was in love with her. Each and all of the candidates had some favour to boast of, or some encouraging hopes on which to build. It was the scene of the Samuel Snob over again, only heightened in interest by a number of duels. The following list will give the reader a notion of some of them:—

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 1. Cornet Gahagan. | Ensign Hicks, of the Sappers and Miners. Hicks received a ball in his jaw, and was half choked by a quantity of carrotty whisaker forced down his throat with the ball. |
| 2. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B. N. I. | Cornet Gahagan. I was run through the body, but the sword passed between the ribs, and injured me very slightly. |
| 3. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B. N. I. | Mr. Mulligatawney, B. C. S., Deputy-Assistant, Vice Sub-Controller of the Boggleywollah Indigo grounds, Ramgolly branch. |

Macgillicuddy should have stuck to sword's play, and he might have come off in his second duel as well as in his first; as it was, the civilian placed a ball and a part of Mac's gold repeater in his stomach. A remarkable circumstance attended this shot, an account of which I sent home to the Philosophical Transactions: the surgeon had extracted the ball, and was going off, thinking that all was well, when the gold repeater struck thirteen in poor Macgillicuddy's abdomen. I sup-

pose that the works must have been disarranged in some way by the bullet, for the repeater was one of Barraud's, never known to fail before, and the circumstance occurred at *seven* o'clock.*

I could continue, almost *ad infinitum*, an account of the wars, which this Helen occasioned, but the above three specimens will, I should think, satisfy the peaceful reader. I delight not in scenes of blood, Heaven knows, but I was compelled in the course of a few weeks, and for the sake of this one woman, to fight nine duels myself, and I know that four times as many more took place concerning her.

I forgot to say that Jowler's wife was a half caste woman, who had been born and bred entirely in India, and whom the Colonel had married from the house of her mother, a native. There were some singular rumours abroad regarding this latter lady's history — it was reported that she was the daughter of a native Rajah, and had been carried off by a poor English subaltern in Lord Clive's time. The young man was killed very soon after, and left his child with its mother. The black Prince forgave his daughter and bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money. I suppose that it was on this account that Jowler married Mrs. J., a creature who had not, I do believe, a Christian name, or a single Christian quality — she was a hideous, blotted, yellow creature, with a beard, black teeth, and red eyes: she was fat, lying, ugly, and stingy — she hated and was hated by all the world, and by her jolly husband as

* So admirable are the performances of these watches, which will stand in any climate; that I repeatedly heard poor Mangilliandy relate the following fact. The hours, as it is known, count in Italy from one to twenty-four: the day Mac landed at Naples his repeater rung the Italian hours, from one to twenty-four: as soon as he crossed the Alps it only sounded as usual. G. O'G, G.

devoutly as by any other. She did not pass a month in the year with him, but spent most of her time with her native friends. I wonder how she could have given birth to so lovely a creature as her daughter. This woman was of course with the Colonel when Julia arrived, and the spice of the devil in her daughter's composition was most carefully nourished and fed by her. If Julia had been a flirt before, she was a downright jilt now; she set the whole cantonment by the ears; she made wives jealous and husbands miserable; she caused all those duels of which I have discoursed already, and yet such was the fascination of THE WITCH that I still thought her an angel. I made court to the nasty mother in order to be near the daughter; and I listened untiringly to Jowler's interminable dull stories, because I was occupied all the time in watching the graceful movements of Miss Julia.

But the trumpet of war was soon ringing in our ears; and on the battle-field Gahagan is a man! The Bundelcund Invincibles received orders to march, and Jowler, Hector-like, donned his helmet, and prepared to part from his Andromache. And now arose his perplexity: what must be done with his daughter, his Julia? He knew his wife's peculiarities of living, and did not much care to trust his daughter to her keeping; but in vain he tried to find her an asylum among the respectable ladies of his regiment. Lady Gutch offered to receive her, but would have nothing to do with Mrs. Jowler; the surgeon's wife, Mrs. Sawbone, would have neither mother nor daughter; there was no help for it, Julia and her mother must have a house together, and Jowler knew that his wife would fill it with her odious blackamoor friends.

I could not, however, go forth satisfied to the campaign until I learned from Julia my fate. I watched twenty opportunities to see her alone, and wandered about the Colonel's bungalow as an informer does about a public-house, marking the incomings and the outgoings of the family, and longing to seize the moment when Miss Jowler, unbiassed by her mother or her papa, might listen, perhaps, to my eloquence, and melt at the tale of my love.

But it would not do — old Jowler seemed to have taken all of a sudden to such a fit of domesticity, that there was no finding him out of doors, and his rhubarb-coloured wife (I believe that her skin gave the first idea of our regimental breeches), who before had been gadding ceaselessly abroad, and poking her broad nose into every *ménage* in the cantonment, stopped faithfully at home with her spouse. My only chance was to beard the old couple in their den, and ask them at once for their *cub*.

So I called one day at tiffin: — old Jowler was always happy to have my company at this meal; it amused him, he said, to see me drink Hodgson's pale ale (I drank two hundred and thirty-four dozen the first year I was in Bengal) — and it was no small piece of fun, certainly, to see old Mrs. Jowler attack the curriebhaut; — she was exactly the colour of it, as I have had already the honour to remark, and she swallowed the mixture with a gusto which was never equalled, except by my poor friend Dando, *à propos d'huitres*. She consumed the first three platefuls, with a fork and spoon, like a Christian; but as she warmed to her work, the old hag would throw away her silver implements, and, dragging the dishes towards her, go to work with

her hands, flip the rice into her mouth with her fingers, and stow away a quantity of eatables sufficient for a sepoy company. But why do I diverge from the main point of my story?

Julia, then, Jowler, and Mrs. J., were at luncheon: the dear girl was in the act to *sabler* a glass of Hodgson as I entered. "How do you do, Mr. Gagin?" said the old hag, leeringly; "eat a bit o' currie-bhant" — and she thrust the dish towards me, securing a heap as it passed. "What, Gagy, my boy, how do, how do," said the fat colonel; "what, run through the body? — got well again — have some Hodgson — run through your body too!" — and at this, I may say, coarse joke (alluding to the fact, that in these hot climates the ale oozes out as it were from the pores of the skin,) old Jowler laughed: a host of swarthy chobdars, kitmagars, sices, consomers, and bobbychies laughed too, as they provided me, unasked, with the grateful fluid. Swallowing six tumblers of it, I paused nervously for a moment, and then said —

"Bobbachy, consomah, ballybaloo hoga."

The black ruffians took the hint, and retired.

"Colonel and Mrs. Jowler," said I solemnly, "we are alone; and you, Miss Jowler, you are alone too; that is — I mean — I take this opportunity to — (another glass of ale, if you please,) — to express, once for all, before departing on a dangerous campaign — (Julia turned pale) — before entering, I say, upon a war which may stretch in the dust my high-raised hopes and me, to express my hopes while life still remains to me, and to declare in the face of heaven, earth, and Colonel Jowler, that I love you, Julia!" The Colonel, astonished, let fall a steel fork, which stuck quivering for some

minutes in the calf of my leg; but I heeded not the paltry interruption. "Yes, by you bright heaven," continued I, "I love you, Julia! I respect my commander, I esteem your excellent and beauteous mother; tell me, before I leave you, if I may hope for a return of my affection. Say that you love me, and I will do such deeds in this coming war, as shall make you proud of the name of your Gahagan."

The old woman, as I delivered these touching words, stared, snapped, and ground her teeth, like an enraged monkey. Julia was now red, now white; the Colonel stretched forward, took the fork out of the calf of my leg, wiped it, and then seized a bundle of letters, which I had remarked by his side.

"A cornet!" said he, in a voice choking with emotion; "a pitiful, beggarly, Irish cornet, aspire to the hand of Julia Jowler! Gag — Gahagan, are you mad, or laughing at us? Look at these letters, young man, at these letters, I say — one hundred and twenty-four epistles from every part of India (not including one from the governor-general, and six from his brother, Colonel Wellesley,) — one hundred and twenty-four proposals for the hand of Miss Jowler. Cornet Gahagan," he continued, "I wish to think well of you: you are the bravest, the most modest, and, perhaps, the handsomest man in our corps, but you have not got a single rupee. You ask me for Julia, and you do not possess even an annah! — (Here the old rogue grinned, as if he had made a capital pun.) No, no," said he, waxing good-natured; "Gagy, my boy, it is nonsense! Julia, love, retire with your mamma; this silly young gentleman will remain and smoke a pipe with me."

I took one; it was the bitterest chillum I ever smoked in my life.

* * * * *

I am not going to give here an account of my military services; they will appear in my great national autobiography, in forty volumes, which I am now preparing for the press. I was with my regiment in all Wellesley's brilliant campaigns, then, taking dawd, I travelled across the country north-eastward, and had the honour of fighting by the side of Lord Lake, at Laswaree, Deeg, Furruckabad, Puttyghur, and Bhurt-pore; but I will not boast of my actions — the military man knows them, MY SOVEREIGN appreciates them. If asked who was the bravest man of the Indian army, there is not an officer belonging to it who would not cry at once, GAHAGAN. The fact is, I was desperate; I cared not for life, deprived of Julia Jowler.

With Julia's stony looks ever before my eyes, her father's stern refusal in my ears, I did not care, at the close of the campaign, again to seek her company or to press my suit. We were eighteen months on service, marching and countermarching, and fighting almost every other day; to the world I did not seem altered; but the world only saw the face, and not the seared and blighted heart within me. My valour, always desperate, now reached to a pitch of cruelty; I tortured my grooms and grass-cutters for the most trifling offence or error, — I never in action spared a man, — I sheared off three hundred and nine heads in the course of that single campaign.

Some influence, equally melancholy, seemed to have fallen upon poor old Jowler. About six months after we had left Dum Dum, he received a parcel of letters

from Benares (whither his wife had retired with her daughter), and so deeply did they seem to weigh upon his spirits, that he ordered eleven men of his regiment to be flogged within two days; but it was against the blacks that he chiefly turned his wrath: our fellows, in the heat and hurry of the campaign, were in the habit of dealing rather roughly with their prisoners, to extract treasure from them. They used to pull their nails out by the root, to boil them in kedgeree pots, to flog them and dress their wounds with cayenne pepper, and so on. Jowler, when he heard of these proceedings, which before had always justly exasperated him (he was a humane and kind little man,) used now to smile fiercely, and say, "D — the black scoundrels! Serve them right, serve them right!"

One day, about a couple of miles in advance of the column, I had been on a foraging party with a few dragoons, and was returning peaceably to camp, when of a sudden, a troop of Mahrattas burst on us from a neighbouring mango tope, in which they had been hidden: in an instant, three of my men's saddles were empty, and I was left with but seven more to make head against at least thirty of these vagabond black horsemen. I never saw, in my life, a nobler figure than the leader of the troop — mounted on a splendid black Arab: he was as tall, very nearly, as myself; he wore a steel cap, and a shirt of mail, and carried a beautiful French carbine, which had already done execution upon two of my men. I saw that our only chance of safety lay in the destruction of this man. I shouted to him in a voice of thunder (in the Hindostanee tongue of course), "Stop, dog, if you dare, and encounter a man!"

In reply his lance came whirling in the air over my

head, and mortally transfixed poor Foggarty, of ours, who was behind me. Grinding my teeth, and swearing horribly, I drew that scimitar which never yet failed its blow,* and rushed at the Indian. He came down at full gallop, his own sword making ten thousand gleaming circles in the air, shrieking his cry of battle.

The contest did not last an instant. With my first blow I cut off his sword-arm at the wrist; my second I levelled at his head. I said that he wore a steel cap, with a gilt iron spike of six inches, and a hood of chain mail. I rose in my stirrups, and delivered "*St. George*;" my sword caught the spike exactly on the point, split it sheer in two, cut crashing through the steel cap and hood, and was only stopped by a ruby which he wore in his back-plate. His head, cut clean in two between the eye-brows and nostrils, even between the two front teeth, fell, one side on each shoulder, and he galloped on till his horse was stopped by my men, who were not a little amused at the feat.

As I had expected, the remaining ruffians fled on seeing their leader's fate. I took home his helmet by way of curiosity, and we made a single prisoner, who was instantly carried before old Jowler.

We asked the prisoner the name of the leader of the troop; he said it was Chowder Loll.

"Chowder Loll!" shrieked Colonel Jowler. "Oh, fidel thy hand is here!" He rushed wildly into his tent—the next day applied for leave of absence. Gutch took the command of the regiment, and I saw him no more for some time.

* In my affair with Macgillivray, I was fool enough to go out with small swords:—miserable weapons, only fit for tailors. — G. O'NEILL.

As I had distinguished myself not a little during the war, General Lake sent me up with dispatches to Calcutta, where Lord Wellesley received me with the greatest distinction. Fancy my surprise, on going to a ball at Government-house, to meet my old friend Jowler; my trembling, blushing, thrilling delight, when I saw Julia by his side!

Jowler seemed to blush too when he beheld me. I thought of my former passages with his daughter. "Gagy, my boy," says he, shaking hands, "glad to see you, old friend, Julia — come to tiffin — Hodgson's pale — brave fellow Gagy." Julia did not speak, but she turned ashy pale, and fixed upon me with her awful eyes! I fainted almost, and uttered some incoherent words. Julia took my hand, gazed at me still, and said "Come!" Need I say I went?

I will not go over the pale ale and currie-bhaut again, but this I know, that in half an hour I was as much in love as I ever had been: and that in three weeks — I, yes, I — was the accepted lover of Julia! I did not pause to ask, where were the one hundred and twenty-four offers? why I, refused before, should be accepted now? I only felt that I loved her, and was happy!

* * * * *

One night, one memorable night, I could not sleep, and, with a lover's pardonable passion, wandered solitary through the city of palaces until I came to the house which contained my Julia. I peeped into the compound — all was still; — I looked into the verandah — all was dark, except a light — yes, one light — and it was in Julia's chamber! My heart throbbed almost to stifling. I would — I *would* advance, if but to gaze upon her for a moment, and to bless her as she slept. I *did* look,

I *did* advance; and, oh Heaven! I saw a lamp burning, Mrs. Jow. in a night-dress, with a very dark baby in her arms, and Julia, looking tenderly at an Ayah, who was nursing another.

"O, mama," said Julia, "what would that fool Gahagan say, if he knew all?"

"*He does know all!*" shouted I, springing forward, and tearing down the tatties from the window. Mrs. Jow. ran shrieking out of the room, Julia fainted, the cursed black children squalled, and their d — d nurse fell on her knees, gabbling some infernal jargon of Hindostance. Old Jowler at this juncture entered with a candle and a drawn sword.

"Liar! scoundrel! deceiver!" shouted I. "Turn, ruffian, and defend yourself!" But old Jowler, when he saw me, only whistled, looked at his lifeless daughter, and slowly left the room.

Why continue the tale? I need not now account for Jowler's gloom on receiving his letters from Benares — for his exclamation upon the death of the Indian chief — for his desire to marry his daughter: the woman I was wooing was no longer Miss Julia Jowler, she was Mrs. Chowder Loll!

CHAPTER II.

Allyghur and Laswaree.

I SAT down to write gravely and sadly, for (since the appearance of some of my adventures in a monthly magazine) unprincipled men have endeavoured to rob me of the only good I possess, to question the statements that I make, and themselves, without a spark of honour or good feeling, to steal from me that which is my sole wealth — my character as a teller of THE TRUTH.

The reader will understand that it is to the illiberal strictures of a profligate press I now allude; among the London journalists, none (luckily for themselves) have dared to question the veracity of my statements; they know me, and they know that I am in *London*. If I can use the pen, I can also wield a more manly and terrible weapon, and would answer their contradictions with my sword! No gold or gems adorn the hilt of that war-worn scimitar, but there is blood upon the blade — the blood of the enemies of my country, and the maligners of my honest fame. There are others, however — the disgrace of a disgraceful trade — who, borrowing from distance a despicable courage, have ventured to assail me. The infamous editors of the “*Kelso Champion*,” the “*Bungay Beacon*,” the “*Tipperary Argus*,” and the “*Stoke Pogis Sentinel*,” and other dastardly organs of the provincial press, have, although differing in politics, agreed upon this one point, and with a scoundrelly unanimity, vented a flood of abuse upon the revelations made by me.

They say that I have assailed private characters, and wilfully perverted history to blacken the reputation of public men. I ask, was any one of these men in Bengal in the year 1803? Was any single conductor of any one of these paltry prints ever in Bundelcund or the Rohilla country? Does this *exquisite* Tipperary scribe know the difference between Hurrygurrybang and Burumtollah? Not he! and because, forsooth, in those strange and distant lands strange circumstances have taken place, it is insinuated that the relater is a liar, nay, that the very places themselves have no existence but in my imagination. Fools! — but I will not waste

my anger upon them, and proceed to recount some other portions of my personal history.

It is, I presume, a fact which even *these* scribbling assassins will not venture to deny, that before the commencement of the campaign against Scindiah, the English general formed a camp at Kanouge on the Jumna, where he exercised that brilliant little army which was speedily to perform such wonders in the Doab. It will be as well to give a slight account of the causes of a war which was speedily to rage through some of the fairest portions of the Indian continent.

Shah Allum, the son of Shah Lollum, the descendant by the female line of Nadir Shah (that celebrated Toorkomann adventurer, who had well-nigh hurled Bajazet and Selim the Second from the throne of Bagdad); Shah Allum, I say, although nominally the Emperor of Delhi, was, in reality, the slave of the various warlike chieftains who lorded it by turns over the country and the sovereign, until conquered and slain by some more successful rebel. Chowder Loll Masolgee, Zuberdust Khan, Dowsunt Row Scindiah, and the celebrated Bobbachi Jung Bahawder, had held for a time complete mastery in Delhi. The second of these, a ruthless Afghann soldier, had abruptly entered the capital, nor was he ejected from it until he had seized upon the principal jewels, and likewise put out the eyes of the last of the unfortunate family of Afrasiab. Scindiah came to the rescue of the sightless Shah Allum, and though he destroyed his oppressor, only increased his slavery, holding him in as painful a bondage as he had suffered under the tyrannous Afghann.

As long as these heroes were battling among themselves, or as long rather as it appeared that they had any strength to fight a battle, the British government,

ever anxious to see its enemies by the ears, by no means interfered in the contest. But the French Revolution broke out, and a host of starving sans-culottes appeared among the various Indian states, seeking for military service, and inflaming the minds of the various native princes against the British East India Company. A number of these entered into Scindiah's ranks — one of them, Perron, was commander of his army; and though that chief was as yet quite engaged in his hereditary quarrel with Jeswunt Row Holkar, and never thought of an invasion of the British territory, the Company all of a sudden discovered that Shah Allum, his sovereign, was shamefully illused, and determined to re-establish the ancient splendour of his throne.

Of course it was sheer benevolence for poor Shah Allum that prompted our governors to take these kindly measures in his favour. I don't know how it happened that, at the end of the war, the poor Shah was not a whit better off than at the beginning; and that though Holkar was beaten, and Scindiah annihilated, Shah Allum was much such a puppet as before. Somehow, in the hurry and confusion of this struggle, the oyster remained with the British government, who had so kindly offered to dress it for the emperor, while his majesty was obliged to be contented with the shell.

The force encamped at Kanouge bore the title of the Grand Army of the Ganges and the Jumna; it consisted of eleven regiments of cavalry and twelve battalions of infantry, and was commanded by General Lake in person.

Well, on the first of September we stormed Perron's camp at Allyghur; on the fourth we took that fortress by assault; and as my name was mentioned in general orders, I may as well quote the commander-in-chief's

words regarding me — they will spare me the trouble of composing my own eulogium.

"The commander-in-chief is proud thus publicly to declare his high sense of the gallantry of Lieutenant Gahagan, of the — cavalry. In the storming of the fortress, although unprovided with a single ladder, and accompanied but by a few brave men, Lieutenant Gahagan succeeded in escalading the inner and fourteenth wall of the place. Fourteen ditches, lined with sword blades and poisoned chevaux-de-frise, fourteen walls, bristling with innumerable artillery, and as smooth as looking-glasses, were in turns triumphantly passed by that enterprising officer. His course was to be traced by the heaps of slaughtered enemies lying thick upon the platforms; and, alas! by the corpses of most of the gallant men who followed him! — when at length he effected his lodgment, and the dastardly enemy, who dared not to confront him with arms, let loose upon him the tigers and lions of Scindiah's menagerie: this meritorious officer destroyed, with his own hand, four of the largest and most ferocious animals, and the rest, awed by the indomitable majesty of BRITISH VALOUR, shrunk back to their dens. Thomas Higgory, a private, and Runty Goss, Havildar, were the only two who remained out of the nine hundred who followed Lieutenant Gahagan. Honour to them! Honour and tears for the brave men who perished on that awful day!"

* * * * *

I have copied this, word for word, from the Bengal Hurkaru of September 24, 1803; and anybody who has the slightest doubt as to the statement, may refer to the paper itself.

And here I must pause to give thanks to fortune,

which so marvellously preserved me, Sergeant-Major Higgory, and Runty Goss. Were I to say that any valour of ours had carried us unhurt through this tremendous combat, the reader would laugh me to scorn. No: though my narrative is extraordinary, it is nevertheless authentic; and never, never would I sacrifice truth for the mere sake of effect. The fact is this: — the citadel of Allyghur is situated upon a rock, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by fourteen walls, as his excellency was good enough to remark in his dispatch. A man who would mount these without scaling-ladders, is an ass; he who would *say* he mounted them without such assistance, is a liar and a knave. We *had* scaling-ladders at the commencement of the assault, although it was quite impossible to carry them beyond the first line of batteries. Mounted on them, however, as our troops were falling thick about me, I saw that we must ignominiously retreat, unless some other help could be found for our brave fellows to escalate the next wall. It was about seventy feet high — I instantly turned the guns of wall A. on wall B., and peppered the latter so as to make, not a breach, but a scaling-place, the men mounting in the holes made by the shot. By this simple stratagem, I managed to pass each successive barrier — for to ascend a wall, which the General was pleased to call “as smooth as glass,” is an absurd impossibility, I seek to achieve none such: —

“I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is neither more nor less.”

Of course, had the enemy's guns been commonly well served, not one of us would ever have been alive out of the three; but whether it was owing to fright,

or to the excessive smoke caused by so many pieces of artillery, arrive we did. On the platforms, too, our work was not quite so difficult as might be imagined — killing these fellows was sheer butchery. As soon as we appeared, they all turned and fled, helter-skelter, and the reader may judge of their courage by the fact that out of about seven hundred men killed by us, only forty had wounds in front, the rest being bayoneted as they ran.

And beyond all other pieces of good fortune was the very letting out of these tigers, which was the *dernier ressort* of Bournonville, the second commandant of the fort. I had observed this man (conspicuous for a tri-coloured scarf which he wore,) upon every one of the walls as we stormed them, and running away the very first among the fugitives. He had all the keys of the gates; and in his tremor, as he opened the menagerie portal, left the whole bunch in the door, which I seized when the animals were overcome. Runtz Goss then opened them one by one, our troops entered, and the victorious standard of my country floated on the walls of Allyghur!

When the general, accompanied by his staff, entered the last line of fortifications, the brave old man raised me from the dead rhinoceros on which I was seated, and pressed me to his breast. But the excitement which had borne me through the fatigues and perils of that fearful day failed all of a sudden, and I wept like a child upon his shoulder.

Promotion, in our army, goes unluckily by seniority; nor is it in the power of the general-in-chief to advance

a Cæsar, if he finds him in the capacity of a subaltern: my reward for the above exploit was, therefore, not very rich. His excellency had a favourite horn snuff-box (for though exalted in station, he was in his habits most simple): of this, and about a quarter of an ounce of high-dried Welsh, which he always took, he made me a present, saying, in front of the line, "Accept this, Mr. Gahagan, as a token of respect from the first, to the bravest officer in the army."

Calculating the snuff to be worth a halfpenny, I should say that fourpence was about the value of this gift; but it has at least this good effect — it serves to convince any person who doubts my story, that the facts of it are really true. I have left it at the office of my publisher, along with the extract from the Bengal Hurkaru, and anybody may examine both by applying in the counting-house of Mr. Cunningham.* That once popular expression, or proverb, "Are you up to snuff?" arose out of the above circumstance; for the officers of my corps, none of whom, except myself, had ventured on the storming party, used to twit me about this modest reward for my labours. Never mind; when they want me to storm a fort *again*, I shall know better.

Well, immediately after the capture of this important fortress, Perron, who had been the life and soul of Scindiah's army, came in to us, with his family and treasure, and was passed over to the French settlements at Chandernagur. Bourquien took his command, and against him we now moved. The morning of the 11th of September found us upon the plains of Delhi.

* The major certainly offered to leave an old snuff-box at Mr. Cunningham's office; but it contained no extract from a newspaper, and does not quite prove that he killed a rhinoceros, and stormed fourteen intrenchments at the siege of Allypohur.

Allahabad Khan Collection

It was a burning hot day, and we were all refreshing ourselves after the morning's march, when I, who was on the advanced piquet along with O'Gawler of the king's dragoons, was made aware of the enemy's neighbourhood in a very singular manner. O'Gawler and I were seated under a little canopy of horse-cloths, which we had formed to shelter us from the intolerable heat of the sun, and were discussing with great delight a few Manilla cheroots, and a stone jar of the most exquisite, cool, weak, refreshing sangaree. We had been playing cards the night before, and O'Gawler had lost to me seven hundred rupees. I emptied the last of the sangaree into the two pint tumblers out of which we were drinking, and holding mine up, said, "Here's better luck to you next time, O'Gawler!"

As I spoke the words — whish! — a cannon-ball cut the tumbler clean out of my hand, and plumped into poor O'Gawler's stomach. It settled him completely, and of course I never got my seven hundred rupees. Such are the uncertainties of war!

To strap on my sabre and my accoutrements — to mount my Arab charger — to drink off what O'Gawler had left of the sangaree — and to gallop to the general, was the work of a moment. I found him as comfortably at tiffin, as if he were at his own house in London.

"General," said I, as soon as I got into his pajamahs (or tent), "you must leave your lunch if you want to fight the enemy."

"The enemy — psia! Mr. Gahagan, the enemy is on the other side of the river."

"I can only tell your excellency, that the enemy's guns will hardly carry five miles; and that Cornet

O'Gawler was this moment shot dead at my side with a cannon ball."

"Ha! is it so?" said his excellency, rising, and laying down the drum-stick of a grilled chicken. "Gentlemen, remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us, and follow me!"

Each aide-de-camp started from table and seized his cocked hat; each British heart beat high at the thoughts of the coming *mêlée*. We mounted our horses, and galloped swiftly after the brave old general; I not the last in the train, upon my famous black charger.

It was perfectly true, the enemy were posted in force within three miles of our camp, and from a hillock in the advance to which we galloped, we were enabled with our telescopes to see the whole of his imposing line. Nothing can better describe it than this: —



— A is the enemy, and the dots represent the hundred and twenty pieces of artillery which defended his line. He was moreover intrenched; and a wide morass in his front gave him an additional security.

His excellency for a moment surveyed the line, and then said, turning round to one of his aides-de-camp, "Order up Major-General Tinkler and the cavalry."

"Here, does your excellency mean?" said the aide-de-camp, surprised, for the enemy had perceived us, and the cannon-balls were flying about as thick as peas.

"Here, Sir," said the old general, stamping with his

foot in a passion, and the A. D. C. shrugged his shoulders and galloped away. In five minutes we heard the trumpets in our camp, and in twenty more the greater part of the cavalry had joined us.

Up they came, five thousand men, their standards flapping in the air, their long line of polished jack-boots gleaming in the golden sun-light. "And now we are here," said Major-General Sir Theophilus Tinkler, "what next?" "O d— it," said the commander-in-chief, "charge, charge — nothing like charging — galloping — guns — rascally black scoundrels — charge, charge!" and then, turning round to me, (perhaps he was glad to change the conversation,) he said, "Lieutenant Gahagan, you will stay with me."

And well for him I did, for I do not hesitate to say that the battle *was gained by me*. I do not mean to insult the reader by pretending that any personal exertions of mine turned the day, — that I killed, for instance, a regiment of cavalry, or swallowed a battery of guns, — such absurd tales would disgrace both the hearer and the teller. I, as is well-known, never say a single word which cannot be proved, and hate more than all other vices the absurd sin of egotism; I simply mean that my *advice* to the general, at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, won this great triumph for the British army.

Gleig, Mill, and Thorn have all told the tale of this war, though somehow they have omitted all mention of the hero of it. General Lake, for the victory of that day, became Lord Lake, of Laswaree. Laswaree! and who forsooth was the real conqueror of Laswaree? I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say that *I* was. If any proof is wanting of the fact, let me give it at once, and

from the highest military testimony in the world, I mean that of the Emperor Napoleon.

In the month of March, 1817, I was passenger on board the Prince Regent, Captain Harris, which touched at St. Helena on its passage from Calcutta to England. In company with the other officers on board the ship, I paid my respects to the illustrious exile of Longwood, who received us in his garden, where he was walking about in a nankeen dress and a large broad-brimmed straw-hat, with General Montholon, Count Las Casas, and his son Emanuel, then a little boy, who I dare say does not recollect me, but who nevertheless played with my sword-knot and the tassels of my Hessian boots during the whole of our interview with his Imperial Majesty.

Our names were read out (in a pretty accent, by the way!) by General Montholon, and the Emperor, as each was pronounced, made a bow to the owner of it, but did not vouchsafe a word. At last Montholon came to mine. The Emperor looked me at once in the face, took his hands out of his pockets, put them behind his back, and coming up to me smiling, pronounced the following words: —

"Assye, Delhi, Deeg, Futtyghur."

I blushed, and taking off my hat with a bow, said —
"Sire, c'est moi."

"Parbleu! je le savais bien," said the Emperor, holding out his snuff-box. *"En uscz vous, Major?"* I took a large pinch (which, with the honour of speaking to so great a man, brought the tears into my eyes), and he continued as nearly as possible in the following words: —

"Sir, you are known; you come of an heroic nation."

Your third brother, the Chef de Bataillon, Count Godfrey Gahagan, was in my Irish brigade."

Gahagan. — "Sire, it is true. He and my countrymen in your Majesty's service stood under the green flag in the breach of Burgos, and beat Wellington back. It was the only time, as your Majesty knows, that Irishmen and Englishmen were beaten in that war."

Napoleon (looking as if he would say, "D— your candour, Major Gahagan,") — "Well, well; it was so. Your brother was a Count, and died a General in my service."

Gahagan. — "He was found lying upon the bodies of nine-and-twenty Cossacks at Borodino. They were all dead, and bore the Gahagan mark."

Napoleon (to Montholon). — "*C'est vrai, Montholon, je vous donne ma parole d'honneur la plus sacrée, que c'est vrai. Ils ne font pas d'autres, ces terribles Ga'guns. You must know that Monsieur gained the battle of Delhi as certainly as I did that of Austerlitz. In this way: — Ce belître de Lor Lake, after calling up his cavalry, and placing them in front of Holkar's batteries qui balayaient la plaine, was for charging the enemy's batteries with his horse, who would have been écrasés, mitraillés, foudroyés a man, but for the cunning of ce grand rogue que vous voyez.*"

Montholon. — "*Coquin de Major, va!*"

Napoleon. — "Montholon! tais-toi. When Lord Lake, with his great bull-headed English obstinacy, saw the fâcheuse position into which he had brought his troops, he was for dying on the spot, and would infallibly have done so — and the loss of his army would have been the ruin of the East India Company — and the ruin of the English East India Company would have

established my empire (bah! it was a republic then!) in the East; but that the man before us, Lieutenant Goliah Gahagan, was riding at the side of General Lake."

Montholon (with an accent of despair and fury). — "*Gredin! cent mille tonnerres de Dieu!*"

Napoleon (benignantly). — "*Calme-toi, mon fidèle ami.* What will you? It was fate. Gahagan, at the critical period of the battle, or rather slaughter (for the English had not slain a man of the enemy), advised a retreat."

Montholon — "*Le lâche! Un Français meurt, mais il ne recule jamais.*"

Napoleon. — "*Stupide!* Don't you see *why* the retreat was ordered? — don't you know that it was a feint on the part of Gahagan to draw Holkar from his impregnable intrenchments? Don't you know that the ignorant Indian fell into the snare, and issuing from behind the cover of his guns, came down with his cavalry on the plains in pursuit of Lake and his dragoons? Then it was that the Englishmen turned upon him; the hardy children of the north swept down his feeble horsemen, bore them back to their guns, which were useless, entered Holkar's intrenchments along with his troops, sabred the artillerymen at their pieces, and won the battle of Delhi!"

As the Emperor spoke, his pale cheek glowed red, his eye flashed fire, his deep clear voice rung as of old, when he pointed out the enemy from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, or rallied his regiments to the charge upon the death-strewn plain of Wagram. I have had many a proud moment in my life, but never such a proud one as this; and I would readily pardon the word "coward," as applied to me by Montholon, in considera-

tion of the testimony which his master bore in my favour.

"Major," said the Emperor to me in conclusion, "why had I not such a man as you in my service? I would have made you a Prince and a Marshal!" and here he fell into a reverie, of which I knew and respected the purport. He was thinking, doubtless, that I might have retrieved his fortunes, and indeed I have very little doubt that I might.

Very soon after, coffee was brought by Monsieur Marchand, Napoleon's valet-de-chambre, and after partaking of that beverage, and talking upon the politics of the day, the Emperor withdrew, leaving me deeply impressed by the condescension he had shown in this remarkable interview.

CHAPTER III.

A Peep into Spain — Account of the Origin and Services of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars.

Head Quarters, Morelia, Sept. 15, 1838.

I HAVE been here for some months, along with my young friend Cabrera; and in the hurry and bustle of war — daily on guard and in the batteries for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with fourteen severe wounds, and seven musket-balls in my body — it may be imagined that I have had little time to think about the publication of my memoirs. *Inter arma silent leges* — in the midst of fighting be hanged to writing! as the poet says; and I never would have bothered myself with a pen, had not common gratitude incited me to throw off a few pages.

Along with Orua's troops, who have of late been beleaguering this place, there was a young Milesian

gentleman, Mr. Toone O'Connor Emmett Fitzgerald Sheeny, by name, a law student, and member of Gray's Inn, and what he called *Bay Ah* of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Sheeny was with the Queen's people not in a military capacity, but as representative of an English journal, to which, for a trifling weekly remuneration, he was in the habit of transmitting accounts of the movements of the belligerents, and his own opinion of the politics of Spain. Receiving, for the discharge of this duty, a couple of guineas a-week from the proprietors of the journal in question, he was enabled, as I need scarcely say, to make such a show in Oraa's camp as only a Christino general officer, or at the very least a colonel of a regiment, can afford to keep up.

In the famous sortie which we made upon the twenty-third, I was of course among the foremost in the *mélée*, and found myself, after a good deal of slaughtering (which it would be as disagreeable as useless to describe here), in the court of a small inn or podesta, which had been made the head-quarters of several quecnite officers during the siege. The pesatero or landlord of the inn had been despatched by my brave chapel-churies, with his fine family of children — the officers quartered in the podesta had of course bolted; but one man remained, and my fellows were on the point of cutting him into ten thousand pieces with their borachios, when I arrived in the room time enough to prevent the catastrophe. Seeing before me an individual in the costume of a civilian — a white hat, a light-blue satin cravat, embroidered with butterflies and other quadrupeds, a green coat and brass buttons, and a pair of blue plaid trousers, I recognised at once a countryman, and interposed to save his life.

In an agonized brogue the unhappy young man was saying all that he could to induce the chapel-churies to give up their intention of slaughtering him; but it is very little likely that his protestations would have had any effect upon them, had not I appeared in the room, and shouted to the ruffians to hold their hand.

Seeing a general officer before them (I have the honour to hold that rank in the service of his Catholic Majesty), and moreover one six feet four in height, and armed with that terrible *cabecilla* (a sword, so called, because it is five feet long) which is so well-known among the Spanish armies — seeing, I say, this figure, the fellows retired, exclaiming, “*Adios, corpo di bacco, nosotros,*” and so on, clearly proving (by their words) that they would, if they dared, have immolated the victim whom I had thus rescued from their fury. “Villains!” shouted I, hearing them grumble “away! quit the apartment?” Each man, sulkily sheathing his sombrero, obeyed, and quitted the camarilla.

It was then that Mr. Sheeny detailed to me the particulars to which I have briefly adverted; and, informing me at the same time that he had a family in England who would feel obliged to me for his release, and that his most intimate friend the English ambassador would move heaven and earth to revenge his fall, he directed my attention to a portmanteau passably well filled, which he hoped would satisfy the cupidity of my troops. I said, though with much regret, that I must subject his person to a search; and hence arose the circumstance which has called for what I fear you will consider a somewhat tedious explanation. I found upon Mr. Sheeny’s person three sovereigns in English money (which I have to this day), and singularly enough a

copy of "The New Monthly Magazine" containing a portion of my adventures. It was a toss-up whether I should let the poor young man be shot or no, but this little circumstance saved his life. The gratified vanity of authorship induced me to accept his port-manteau and valuables, and to allow the poor wretch to go free. I put the Magazine in my coat-pocket, and left him and the podesta.

The men, to my surprise, had quitted the building, and it was full time for me to follow, for I found our sallying-party, after committing dreadful ravages in Oras's lines, were in full retreat upon the fort, hotly pressed by a superior force of the enemy. I am pretty well known and respected by the men of both parties in Spain (indeed I served for some months on the Queen's side before I came over to Don Carlos); and, as it is my maxim never to give quarter, I never expect to receive it when taken myself. On issuing from the podesta, with Sheeny's portmanteau and my sword in my hand, I was a little disgusted and annoyed to see our own men in a pretty good column retreating at double-quick, and about four hundred yards beyond me, up the hill leading to the fort, while on my left hand, and at only a hundred yards, a troop of the queenite lancers were clattering along the road.

I had got into the very middle of the road before I made this discovery, so that the fellows had a full sight of me, and, whizz! came a bullet by my left whisker before I could say Jack Robinson. I looked round — there were seventy of the accursed *malvados* at the least, and within, as I said, a hundred yards. Were I to say that I stopped to fight seventy men, you would write me down a fool or a liar: no, Sir, I did not fight, I ran away.

I am six feet four — my figure is as well known in the Spanish army as that of the Count de Luchana, or my fierce little friend Cabrera himself. "GAHAGAN!" shouted out half-a-dozen scoundrelly voices, and fifty more shots came rattling after me. I was running, running as the brave stag before the hounds — running as I have done a great number of times before in my life, when there was no help for it but a race.

After I had run about five hundred yards, I saw that I had gained nearly three upon our column in front, and that likewise the Christino horsemen were left behind some hundred yards more, with the exception of three, who were fearfully near me. The first was an officer without a lance; he had fired both his pistols at me, and was twenty yards in advance of his comrades; there was a similar distance between the two lancers who rode behind him. I determined then to wait for No. 1, and as he came up delivered cut 3 at his horse's near leg — off it flew, and down, as I expected, went horse and man. I had hardly time to pass my sword through my prostrate enemy, when No. 2 was upon me. If I could but get that fellow's horse, thought I, I am safe, and I executed at once the plan which I hoped was to effect my rescue.

I had, as I said, left the podesta with Sheeny's port-manteau, and, unwilling to part with some of the articles it contained — some shirts, a bottle of whiskey, a few cakes of Windsor soap, &c. &c., — I had carried it thus far on my shoulders, but now was compelled to sacrifice it *malgré moi*. As the lancer came up, I dropped my sword from my right hand, and hurled the port-manteau at his head with aim so true, that he fell back on his saddle like a sack, and thus when the horse

galloped up to me, I had no difficulty in dismounting the rider — the whiskey bottle struck him over his right eye, and he was completely stunned. To dash him from the saddle and spring myself into it, was the work of a moment; indeed, the two combats had taken place in about a fifth part of the time which it has taken the reader to peruse the description. But in the rapidity of the last encounter, and the mounting of my enemy's horse, I had committed a very absurd oversight — I was scampering away *without my sword!* What was I to do? — to scamper on, to be sure, and trust to the legs of my horse for safety!

The lancer behind me gained on me every moment, and I could hear his horrid laugh as he neared me. I leaned forward jockey-fashion in my saddle, and kicked, and urged, and flogged with my hand, but all in vain. Closer — closer — the point of his lance was within two feet of my back. Ah! ah! he delivered the point, and fancy my agony when I felt it enter — through exactly fifty-nine pages of the "New Monthly Magazine." Had it not been for that Magazine, I should have been impaled without a shadow of a doubt. Was I wrong in feeling gratitude? Had I not cause to continue my contributions to that periodical?

When I got safe into Morella, along with the tail of the sallying party, I was for the first time made acquainted with the ridiculous result of the lancer's thrust (as he delivered his lance, I must tell you that a ball came whizz over my head from our fellows, and entering at his nose, put a stop to *his* lancing for the future). I hastened to Cabrera's quarter, and related to him some of my adventures during the day.

I am six feet four — my figure is as well known in the Spanish army as that of the Count de Luchana, or my fierce little friend Cabrera himself. "GAHAGAN!" shouted out half-a-dozen scoundrelly voices, and fifty more shots came rattling after me. I was running, running as the brave stag before the hounds — running as I have done a great number of times before in my life, when there was no help for it but a race.

After I had run about five hundred yards, I saw that I had gained nearly three upon our column in front, and that likewise the Christino horsemen were left behind some hundred yards more, with the exception of three, who were fearfully near me. The first was an officer without a lance; he had fired both his pistols at me, and was twenty yards in advance of his comrades; there was a similar distance between the two lancers who rode behind him. I determined then to wait for No. 1, and as he came up delivered cut 3 at his horse's near leg — off it flew, and down, as I expected, went horse and man. I had hardly time to pass my sword through my prostrate enemy, when No. 2 was upon me. If I could but get that fellow's horse, thought I, I am safe, and I executed at once the plan which I hoped was to effect my rescue.

I had, as I said, left the podesta with Sheeny's port-manteau, and, unwilling to part with some of the articles it contained — some shirts, a bottle of whiskey, a few cakes of Windsor soap, &c. &c., — I had carried it thus far on my shoulders, but now was compelled to sacrifice it *malgré moi*. As the lancer came up, I dropped my sword from my right hand, and hurled the port-manteau at his head with aim so true, that he fell back on his saddle like a sack, and thus when the horse

galloped up to me, I had no difficulty in dismounting the rider — the whiskey bottle struck him over his right eye, and he was completely stunned. To dash him from the saddle and spring myself into it, was the work of a moment; indeed, the two combats had taken place in about a fifth part of the time which it has taken the reader to peruse the description. But in the rapidity of the last encounter, and the mounting of my enemy's horse, I had committed a very absurd oversight — I was scampering away *without my sword!* What was I to do? — to scamper on, to be sure, and trust to the legs of my horse for safety!

The lancer behind me gained on me every moment, and I could hear his horrid laugh as he neared me. I leaned forward jockey-fashion in my saddle, and kicked, and urged, and flogged with my hand, but all in vain. Closer — closer — the point of his lance was within two feet of my back. Ah! ah! he delivered the point, and fancy my agony when I felt it enter — through exactly fifty-nine pages of the "New Monthly Magazine." Had it not been for that Magazine, I should have been impaled without a shadow of a doubt. Was I wrong in feeling gratitude? Had I not cause to continue my contributions to that periodical?

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"But, General," said he, "you are standing. I beg you *chuidete l'uscio* (take a chair)."

I did so, and then for the first time was aware that there was some foreign substance in the tail of my coat, which prevented my sitting at ease. I drew out the Magazine which I had seized, and there, to my wonder, discovered the *Christino lance* twisted up like a fish-hook, or a pastoral crook.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Cabrera (who is a notorious wag).

"Valdepeñas madrilenos," growled out Tristany.

"By my *cachuca di caballero*" (upon my honour as a gentleman), shrieked out Ros d'Eroles, convulsed with laughter, "I will send it to the Bishop of Leon for a crozier."

"Gahagan has consecrated it," giggled out Ramon Cabrera; and so they went on with their muchacas for an hour or more. But, when they heard that the means of my salvation from the lance of the scoundrelly Christino had been the Magazine containing my own history, their laugh was changed into wonder. I read them (speaking Spanish more fluently than English) every word of my story. "But how is this?" said Cabrera. "You surely have other adventures to relate?"

"Excellent Sir," said I, "I have;" and that very evening, as we sat over our cups of *tertullia* (*sangaree*), I continued my narrative in nearly the following words:—

"I left off in the very middle of the battle of Delhi, which ended, as everybody knows, in the complete triumph of the British arms. But who gained the battle? Lord Lake is called Viscount Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, while Major Gaha — nonsense, never mind *him*, never mind the charge he executed when, sabre in hand, he leaped the six-foot wall in the mouth of the roaring

cannon, over the heads of the gleaming pikes, when, with one hand seizing the sacred peish-cush, or fish — which was the banner always borne before Scindiah, — he, with his good sword, cut off the trunk of the famous white elephant, which, shrieking with agony, plunged madly into the Mahratta ranks, followed by his giant brethren, tossing, like chaff before the wind, the affrighted kitmatgars. He, meanwhile, now plunging into the midst of a battalion of consumahs, now cleaving to the chine a screaming and ferocious bobbachce,* rushed on, like the simoom across the red Zaharan plain, killing, with his own hand, a hundred and forty-thr — but never mind — ‘*alone he did it;*’ sufficient be it for him, however, that the victory was won; he cares not for the empty honours which were awarded to more fortunate men!

“We marched after the battle to Delhi, where poor blind old Shah Allum received us, and bestowed all kinds of honours and titles on our general. As each of the officers passed before him, the shah did not fail to remark my person,** and was told my name.

“Lord Lake whispered to him my exploits, and the old man was so delighted with the account of my victory over the elephant (whose trunk I use to this day), that he said, ‘Let him be called *GURPUTI*,’ or the lord of elephants, and *Gujputi* was the name by which I was afterwards familiarly known among the natives, — the men, that is. The women had a softer appellation for me, and called me ‘*Mushook*,’ or charmer.

* The double-jointed camel of Bactria, which the classic reader may recollect is mentioned by Suidas (in his Commentary on the Flight of Darius), is so called by the Mahrattas.

** There is some trifling inconsistency on the Major’s part. Shah Allum was notoriously blind: how, then, could he have seen Gahagan? The thing is manifestly impossible.

"Well, I shall not describe Delhi, which is doubtless well known to the reader; nor the siege of Agra, to which place we went from Delhi; nor the terrible day at Laswaree, which went nigh to finish the war. Suffice it to say that we were victorious, and that I was wounded, as I have invariably been in the two hundred and four occasions when I have found myself in action. One point, however, became in the course of this campaign quite evident — *that something must be done for Gahagan*. The country cried shame, the king's troops grumbled, the sepoys openly murmured that their Gujputi was only a lieutenant, when he had performed such signal services. What was to be done? Lord Wellesley was in an evident quandary. 'Gahagan,' wrote he, 'to be a subaltern is evidently not your fate — *you were born for command*; but Lake and General Wellesley are good officers, they cannot be turned out — I must make a post for you. What say you, my dear fellow, to a corps of *irregular horse*?'"

"It was thus that the famous corps of AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS had its origin; a guerilla force, it is true, but one which will long be remembered in the annals of our Indian campaigns.

* * * * *

"As the commander of this regiment, I was allowed to settle the uniform of the corps, as well as to select recruits. These were not wanting as soon as my appointment was made known, but came flocking to my standard a great deal faster than to the regular corps in the Company's service. I had European officers, of course, to command them, and a few of my countrymen as sergeants; the rest were all natives, whom I chose of the strongest and bravest men in India, chiefly Pitans,

Afghans, Hurrumzadehs, and Calliawns, for these are well known to be the most warlike districts of our Indian territory.

"When on parade and in full uniform we made a singular and noble appearance. I was always fond of dress; and, in this instance, gave a *carte-blanche* to my taste, and invented the most splendid costume that ever perhaps decorated a soldier. I am, as I have stated already, six feet four inches in height, and of matchless symmetry and proportion. My hair and beard are of the most brilliant auburn, so bright as scarcely to be distinguished at a distance from scarlet. My eyes are bright blue, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows of the colour of my hair, and a terrific gash of the deepest purple, which goes over the forehead, the eyelid, and the cheek, and finishes at the ear, gives my face a more strictly military appearance than can be conceived. When I have been drinking (as is pretty often the case) this gash becomes ruby bright, and as I have another which took off a piece of my underlip, and shows five of my front teeth, I leave you to imagine that 'seldom lighted on the earth' (as the monster Burke remarked of one of his unhappy victims), 'a more extraordinary vision.' I improved these natural advantages; and, while in cantonment during the hot winds at Chitty-bobbary, allowed my hair to grow very long, as did my beard, which reached to my waist. It took me two hours daily to curl my hair in ten thousand little corkscrew ringlets, which waved over my shoulders, and to get my mustachios well round to the corners of my eyelids. I dressed in loose scarlet trousers and red morocco boots, a scarlet jacket, and a shawl of the same colour round my waist; a scarlet turban three feet high,

and decorated with a tuft of the scarlet feathers of the flamingo, formed my head-dress, and I did not allow myself a single ornament, except a small silver skull and cross-bones in front of my turban. Two brace of pistols, a Malay creese, and a tulwar, sharp on both sides, and very nearly six feet in length, completed this elegant costume. My two flags were each surmounted with a real skull and cross-bones, and ornamented, one with a black, and the other with a red beard (of enormous length, taken from men slain in battle by me). On one flag were of course the arms of John Company; on the other, an image of myself bestriding a prostrate elephant, with the simple word 'GUYPUTI' written underneath in the Nagaree, Persian, and Sanscrit character. I rode my black horse, and looked, by the immortal gods, like Mars. To me might be applied the words which were written concerning handsome General Webb, in Marlborough's time: —

"To noble danger he conducts the way,
His great example all his troop obey.
Before the front the Major sternly rides,
With such an air as Mars to battle strides.
Propitious heaven must sure a hero save
Like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave!"

"My officers (Captains Biggs and Mackanulty, Lieutenants Glogger, Pappendick, Stuffie, &c. &c.) were dressed exactly in the same way, but in yellow, and the men were similarly equipped, but in black. I have seen many regiments since, and many ferocious-looking men, but the Ahmednuggar Irregulars were more dreadful to the view than any set of ruffians on which I ever set eyes. I would to heaven that the Czar of Muscovy had passed through Canbul and Lahore, and that I with my old Ahmednuggars stood on a fair field to meet him!

Bless you, bless you, my swart companions in victory! through the mist of twenty years I hear the booming of your war-cry, and mark the glitter of your scimeters as ye rage in the thickest of the battle! *

"But away with melancholy reminiscences. You may fancy what a figure the Irregulars cut on a field-day — a line of five hundred black-faced, black-dressed, black-horsed, black-bearded men — Biggs, Glogger, and the other officers in yellow, galloping about the field like flashes of lightning: myself enlightening them, red, solitary, and majestic, like yon glorious orb in heaven.

"There are very few men, I presume, who have not heard of Holkar's sudden and gallant incursion into the Dooáb, in the year 1804, when we thought that the victory of Laswaree and the brilliant success at Deeg had completely finished him. Taking ten thousand horse he broke up his camp at Palimbang; and the first thing General Lake heard of him was, that he was at Putna, then at Rumpooge, then at Doncaradam — he was, in fact, in the very heart of our territory.

"The unfortunate part of the affair was this: — His excellency, despising the Mahratta chieftain, had allowed him to advance about two thousand miles in his front, and knew not in the slightest degree where to lay hold on him. Was he at Hazarubaug? was he at Bogly Gunge? nobody knew, and for a considerable period the movements of Lake's cavalry were quite ambiguous, uncertain, promiscuous, and undetermined.

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"Such briefly was the state of affairs in October, 1804. At the beginning of that month I had been wounded (a trifling scratch, cutting off my left upper eyelid, a bit of my cheek, and my underlip), and I was obliged to leave Biggs in command of my Irregulars, whilst I retired for my wounds to an English station at Furruckabad, *alias* Futtighur — it is, as every two-penny postman knows, at the apex of the Docûb. We have there a cantonment, and thither I went for the mere sake of the surgeon and the sticking-plaster.

"Furruckabad, then, is divided into two districts or towns; the lower Cotwal, inhabited by the natives, and the upper (which is fortified slightly, and has all along been called Futtighur, meaning in Hindostanee, 'the-favourite-resort-of-the-white-faced-Feringhees-near-the-mangoe-tope-consecrated-to-Ram') occupied by Europeans. (It is astonishing, by the way, how comprehensive that language is, and how much can be conveyed in one or two of the commonest phrases.)

"Biggs, then, and my men were playing all sorts of wondrous pranks with Lord Lake's army, whilst I was detained an unwilling prisoner of health at Futtighur.

"An unwilling prisoner, however, I should not say. The cantonment at Futtighur contained that which would have made *any* man a happy slave. Woman, lovely woman, was there in abundance and variety! The fact is, that, when the campaign commenced in 1803, the ladies of the army all congregated to this place, where they were left, as it was supposed, in safety. I might, like Homer, relate the names and qualities of all. I may at least mention *some* whose memory is still most dear to me. There was —

"Mrs. Major General Bulcher, wife of Bulcher of the infantry.

"Miss Bulcher.

"MISS BELINDA BULCHER (whose name I beg the printer to place in large capitals).

"Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbeschroy.

"Mrs. Major Macan and the four Misses Macan.

"The Honourable Mrs. Burgoe, Mrs. Flix, Hicks, Wicks, and many more too numerous to mention. The flower of our camp was, however, collected there, and the last words of Lord Lake to me, as I left him, were, 'Gahagan, I commit those women to your charge. Guard them with your life, watch over them with your honour, defend them with the matchless power of your indomitable arm.'

"Puttyghur is, as I have said, a European station, and the pretty air of the bungalows, amid the clustering tops of mango-trees, has often ere this excited the admiration of the tourist and sketcher. On the brow of a hill, the Burrumpooter river rolls majestically at its base, and no spot, in a word, can be conceived more exquisitely arranged, both by art and nature, as a favourite residence of the British fair. Mrs. Bulcher, Mrs. Vandegobbeschroy, and the other married ladies above mentioned, had each of them delightful bungalows and gardens in the place, and between one cottage and another my time passed as delightfully as can the hours of any man who is away from his darling occupation of war.

"I was the commandant of the fort. It is a little insignificant pettah, defended simply by a couple of gabions, a very ordinary counterscarp, and a bomb-proof embrasure; on the top of this my flag was planted, and

the small garrison of forty men only were comfortably barracked off in the casemates within. A surgeon and two chaplains (there were besides three reverend gentlemen, of amateur missions, who lived in the town) completed, as I may say, the garrison of our little fortalice, which I was left to defend and to command.

"On the night of the first of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major-General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honour of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it was my intention to take dawk the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party. They had better never have been born than have done as they did, as you shall hear.

"We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly *fêted* by every lady and gentleman present; when I took an opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in *conter-ing fleurettes* to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.

"'What, fire-works! Captain Gahagan,' said Bolinda; 'this is too gallant.'

"'Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher,' said I, 'they are

fire-works of which I have no idea: perhaps our friends the missionaries —

“Look, look!” said Belinda, trembling, and clutching tightly hold of my arm: ‘what do I see? yes — no — yes! it is — *our bungalow is in flames!*’

“It was true the spacious bungalow occupied by Mrs. Major-General was at that moment seen a prey to the devouring element — another and another succeeded it — seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the name of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air!

“I seized my night-glass, and looking towards the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires; whilst by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking up their ground in the very middle of the open square or tank, round which the bungalows were built!

“‘Ho, warder!’ shouted I (while the frightened and trembling Belinda clung closer to my side, and pressed the stalwart arm that encircled her waist), ‘down with the drawbridge! see that your masolgees (small tumbrils which are used in place of large artillery) be well loaded: you sepoys, hasten and man the ravelin! you choprasees, put out the lights in the embrasures! we shall have warm work of it to-night, or my name is not Goliah Gahagan.’

“The ladies, the guests (to the number of eighty-three), the sepoys, choprasees, masolgees, and so on, had all crowded on the platform at the sound of my shouting, and dreadful was the consternation, shrill the screaming, occasioned by my words. The men stood irresolute and mute with terror! the women trembling,

knew scarcely whither to fly for refuge. 'Who are yonder ruffians?' said I; a hundred voices yelped in reply — some said the Pindarees, some said the Mahrattas, some vowed it was Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar — no one knew.

"'Is there anyone here,' said I, 'who will venture to reconnoitre yonder troops?' There was a dead pause.

"'A thousand tomanas to the man who will bring me news of yonder army!' again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty, that no one dared venture to face the danger. 'Oh for fifty of my brave Ahmednuggarees!' thought I.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I see it — you are cowards — none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. It is an encouraging prospect — know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow's dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us — and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here?' Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackals on a summer's evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! flung both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder (or in my waistcoat-pocket rather, for the little witch could reach no higher).

"'Captain Gahagan,' sobbed she, 'Go—Go—Goggle—iah!'

"'My soul's adored!' replied I.

"'Swear to me one thing.'

"'I swear.'

"'That if — that if — the nasty, horrid, odious

black Mah-ra-a-a-attabs take the fort, you will put me out of their power.'

"I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonour, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her; and her mother, Mrs. Major-General Bulcher, and her elder sister, who had not until now known a word of our attachment (indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circumstances made aware of my beloved Belinda's partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they should one and all make away with themselves. Fancy my disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the ladies chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling denial that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

"In the midst of this hurry and confusion, as if purposely to add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and one of the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahratta soldier was before the gate with a flag of truce!

"I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out, that the party, whoever they might be, had no artillery; and received at the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is a translation: —

"TO GOLIAH GAHAGAN GUJPUTI.

"'Lord of Elephants, Sir, — I have the honour to
Thackeray, Miscellanies. III.

inform you that I arrived before this place at eight o'clock P.M. with ten thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned, since my arrival, seventeen bungalows in Furruckabad and Futtighur, and have likewise been under the painful necessity of putting to death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers, whom I found in the village; the women have been transferred to safe keeping in the harems of my officers and myself.

"As I know your courage and talents, I shall be very happy if you will surrender the fortress, and take service as a major-general (hookabadar) in my army. Should my proposal not meet with your assent, I beg leave to state that to-morrow I shall storm the fort, and on taking it, shall put to death every male in the garrison, and every female above twenty years of age. For yourself I shall reserve a punishment, which for novelty and exquisite torture has, I flatter myself, hardly ever been exceeded. Awaiting the favour of a reply, I am, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"JASWUNT ROW HOLKAR.

"Camp before Futtighur, Sept. 1, 1804.

"R. S. V. P."

"The officer who had brought this precious epistle (it is astonishing how Holkar had aped the forms of English correspondence), an enormous Pitan soldier, with a shirt of mail, and a steel cap and cape, round which his turban wound, was leaning against the gate on his matchlock, and whistling a national melody. I read the letter, and saw at once there was no time to be lost. That man, thought I, must never go back to Holkar. Were he to attack us now before we were prepared, the fort would be his in half an hour.

"Tying my white pocket-handkerchief to a stick, I flung open the gate and advanced to the officer; he was standing, I said, on the little bridge across the moat. I made him a low salaam, after the fashion of the country, and, as he bent forward to return the compliment, I am sorry to say, I plunged forward, gave him a violent blow on the head, which deprived him of all sensation, and then dragged him within the wall, raising the drawbridge after me.

"I bore the body into my own apartment; there, swift as thought, I stripped him of his turban, cammerbund, peijannahs, and papooshes, and, putting them on myself, determined to go forth and reconnoitre the enemy."

* * * * *

Here I was obliged to stop, for Cabrera, Ros d'Eroles, and the rest of the staff, were sound asleep! What I did in my reconnaissance, and how I defended the fort of Puttyghur, I shall have the honour of telling on another occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

The Indian Camp — The Sortie from the Fort.

Head Quarters, Moralla, October 3, 1838.

It is a balmy night. I hear the merry jingle of the tambourine, and the cheery voices of the girls and peasants, as they dance beneath my casement, under the shadow of the clustering vines. The laugh and song pass gaily round, and even at this distance I can distinguish the elegant form of Ramon Cabrera, as he whispers gay nothings in the ears of the Andalusian girls, or joins in the thrilling chorus of Riego's hymn,

which is ever and anon vociferated by the enthusiastic soldiery of Carlos Quinto. I am alone, in the most inaccessible and most bomb-proof tower of our little fortalice; the large casements are open — the wind, as it enters, whispers in my ear its odorous recollections of the orange grove and the myrtle bower. My torch (a branch of the fragrant cedar tree) flares and flickers in the midnight breeze, and disperses its scent and burning splinters on my scroll and the desk where I write — meet implements for a soldier's authorship! — it is *cartridge* paper over which my pen runs so glibly, and a yawning barrel of gunpowder forms my rough writing-table. Around me, below me, above me, all — all is peace! I think, as I sit here so lonely, on my country, England! and muse over the sweet and bitter recollections of my early days! Let me resume my narrative, at the point where (interrupted by the authoritative summons of war) I paused on the last occasion.

I left off, I think (for I am a thousand miles away from proofsheets as I write — and, were I not writing the simple *truth*, must contradict myself a thousand times in the course of my tale) — I think, I say, that I left off at that period of my story, when, Holkar being before Futtyghur, and I in command of that fortress, I had just been compelled to make away with his messenger; and, dressed in the fallen Indian's accoutrements, went forth to reconnoitre the force, and, if possible, to learn the intentions of the enemy. However much my figure might have resembled that of the Pitan, and, disguised in his armour, might have deceived the lynx-eyed Mahrattas, into whose camp I was about to plunge, it was evident that a single glance at my fair face and auburn beard would have undeceived the

dullest blockhead in Holkar's army. Seizing, then, a bottle of Burgess's walnut catsup, I dyed my face and my hands, and, with the simple aid of a flask of Warren's jet, I made my hair and beard as black as ebony. The Indian's helmet and chain hood covered likewise a great part of my face, and I hoped thus, with luck, impudence, and a complete command of all the Eastern dialects and languages, from Burmah to Afghanistan, to pass scot-free through this somewhat dangerous ordeal.

I had not the word of the night, it is true — but I trusted to good fortune for that, and passed boldly out of the fortress, bearing the flag of truce as before; I had scarcely passed on a couple of hundred yards, when, lo! a party of Indian horsemen, armed like him I had just overcome, trotted towards me. One was leading a noble white charger, and no sooner did he see me than, dismounting from his own horse, and giving the rein to a companion, he advanced to meet me with the charger; a second fellow likewise dismounted and followed the first; one held the bridle of the horse, while the other (with a multitude of salaams, aleikums, and other genuflexions) held the jewelled stirrup, and kneeling, waited until I should mount.

I took the hint at once: the Indian who had come up to the fort was a great man — that was evident; I walked on with a majestic air, gathered up the velvet reins, and sprung into the magnificent high-peaked saddle. "Buk, buk," said I, "It is good — in the name of the forty-nine Imaums, let us ride on;" and the whole party set off at a brisk trot, I keeping silence, and thinking with no little trepidation of what I was about to encounter.

As we rode along, I heard two of the men commenting upon my unusual silence (for I suppose, I — that is the Indian — was a talkative officer.) “The lips of the Bahawder are closed,” said one — “where are those birds of Paradise, his long-tailed words? they are imprisoned between the golden bars of his teeth!”

“Kush,” said his companion, “be quiet! Bobbachy Bahawder has seen the dreadful Feringhee, Gahagan Khan Gujputi, the elephant-lord, whose sword reaps the harvest of death; there is but one champion who can wear the papooshes of the elephant-slayer — it is Bobbachy Bahawder!”

“You speak truly, Puneeree Muckun, the Bahawder ruminates on the words of the unbeliever; he is an ostrich, and hatches the eggs of his thoughts.”

“Bekhusm! on my nose be it! May the young birds, his actions, be strong, and swift in flight.”

“May they *digest iron!*” said Puneeree Muckun, who was evidently a wag in his way.

O, ho! thought I, as suddenly the light flashed upon me. It was, then, the famous Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I overcame just now! and he is the man destined to stand in *my* slippers, is he? and I was at that very moment standing in his own! Such are the chances and changes that fall to the lot of the soldier!

I suppose everybody — everybody who has been in India, at least — has heard the name of Bobbachy Bahawder; it is derived from the two Hindoostanee words — bobbachy, general; bahawder, artilleryman. He had entered into Holkar’s service in the latter capacity, and had, by his merit and his undaunted bravery in action, attained the dignity of the peacock’s feather, which is only granted to noblemen of the first class;

he was married, moreover, to one of Holkar's innumerable daughters; a match which, according to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, brought more of honour than of pleasure to the poor Bobbachy. Gallant as he was in the field, it was said that in the harem he was the veriest craven alive, completely subjugated by his ugly and odious wife. In all matters of importance the late Bahawder had been consulted by his prince, who had, as it appears, (knowing my character, and not caring to do anything rash in his attack upon so formidable an enemy,) sent forward the unfortunate Pitan to reconnoitre the fort; he was to have done yet more, as I learned from the attendant Puneeree Muckun, who was, I soon found out, an old favourite with the Bobbachy — doubtless on account of his honesty and love of repartee.

"The Bahawder's lips are closed," said he, at last trotting up to me; "has he not a word for old Puneeree Muckun?"

"Bismillah, mashallah, barikallah," said I; which means, "my good friend, what I have seen is not worth the trouble of relation, and fills my bosom with the darkest forebodings."

"You could not then see the Gujputi alone, and stab him with your dagger."

[Here was a pretty conspiracy!] "No, I saw him, but not alone; his people were always with him."

"Hurruzadeh! it is a pity; we waited but the sound of your jogree (whistle), and straightway would have galloped up, and seized upon every man, woman, and child in the fort: however, there are but a dozen men in the garrison, and they have not provision for two days — they must yield; and then hurrah for the moon-faces! Mashallah! I am told the soldiers who

first get in are to have their pick. How my old woman, Rotee Muckun, will be surprised, when I bring home a couple of Feringhee wives, — ha! ha!”

“Fool!” said I, “be still! — twelve men in the garrison! there are twelve hundred! Gahagan himself is as good as a thousand men; and as for food, I saw with my own eyes, five hundred bullocks grazing in the court-yard as I entered.” This *was* a bouncer, I confess; but my object was to deceive Puneeree Muckun, and give him as high a notion as possible of the capabilities of defence which the besieged had.

“Pooch, pooch,” murmured the men; “it is a wonder of a fortress, we shall never be able to take it until our guns come up.”

There was hope, then! they had no battering-train. Ere this arrived, I trusted that Lord Lake would hear of our plight, and march down to rescue us. Thus occupied in thought and conversation, we rode on until the advanced sentinel challenged us, when old Puneeree gave the word, and we passed on into the centre of Holkar's camp.

It was a strange — a stirring sight! The camp-fires were lighted; and round them — eating, reposing, talking, looking at the merry steps of the dancing-girls, or listening to the stories of some Dhol Baut (or Indian improvisatore) — were thousands of dusky soldiery. The camels and horses were picketed under the banyan trees, on which the ripe mango fruit was growing, and offered them an excellent food. Towards the spot which the golden fish and royal purdahs, floating in the wind, designated as the tent of Holkar, led an immense avenue — of elephants! the finest street, indeed, I ever saw. Each of the monstrous animals had a castle on its back,

armed with Mauritanian archers and the celebrated Persian matchlock-men; it was the feeding time of these royal brutes, and the grooms were observed bringing immense toffungs or baskets, filled with pine-apples, plantains, bandannas, Indian corn, and cocoa-nuts, which grow luxuriantly at all seasons of the year. We passed down this extraordinary avenue — no less than three hundred and eighty-eight tails did I count on each side — each tail appertaining to an elephant twenty-five feet high — each elephant having a two-storied castle on its back — each castle containing sleeping and eating-rooms for the twelve men that formed its garrison, and were keeping watch on the roof — each roof bearing a flag-staff twenty feet long on its top, the crescent glittering with a thousand gems, and round it the imperial standard, — each standard of silk velvet, and cloth of gold, bearing the well-known device of Holkar, argent an or gules, between a sinople of the first, a chevron, truncated, wavy. I took nine of these myself in the course of a very short time after, and shall be happy, when I come to England, to show them to any gentleman who has a curiosity that way. Through this gorgeous scene our little cavalcade passed, and at last we arrived at the quarters occupied by Holkar.

That celebrated chieftain's tents and followers were gathered round one of the British bungalows which had escaped the flames, and which he occupied during the siege. When I entered the large room where he sat, I found him in the midst of a council of war; his chief generals and viziers seated round him, each smoking his hookah, as is the common way with these black fellows, before, at, and after breakfast, dinner, supper, and bedtime. There was such a cloud raised by their smoke

you could hardly see a yard before you — another piece of good luck for me — as it diminished the chances of my detection. When, with the ordinary ceremonies, the kitmutgars and consomahs had explained to the prince that Bobbaahy Bahawder, the right eye of the Sun of the universe (as the ignorant heathens called me), had arrived from his mission, Holkar immediately summoned me to the maidaun, or elevated platform, on which he was seated in a luxurious easy chair, and I, instantly taking off my slippers, falling on my knees, and beating my head against the ground ninety-nine times, proceeded, still on my knees, a hundred and twenty-feet through the room, and then up the twenty steps which led to his maidaun — a silly, painful, and disgusting ceremony, which can only be considered as a relic of barbarian darkness, which tears the knees and shins to pieces, let alone the pantaloons. I recommend anybody who goes to India, with the prospect of entering the service of the native rajahs, to recollect my advice, and have them *well wadded*.

Well, the right eye of the Sun of the universe scrambled as well as he could up the steps of the maidaun (on which, in rows, smoking as I have said, the musnuds or general officers were seated), and I arrived within speaking-distance of Holkar, who instantly asked me the success of my mission. The impetuous old man thereon poured out a multitude of questions: "How many men are there in the fort?" said he; "How many women? Is it victualled? have they ammunition? Did you see Gahagan Sahib, the commander? did you kill him? All these questions Jeswunt Row Holkar puffed out with so many whiffs of tobacco.

Taking a chillum myself, and raising about me such a clud, that, upon my honour as a gentleman, no man at three yards' distance could perceive anything of me except the pillar of smoke in which I was encompassed, I told Holkar, in Oriental language, of course, the best tale I could with regard to the fort.

"Sir," said I, "to answer your last question first — dreadful Gujputi I have seen — and he is alive; he is eight feet, nearly, in height; he can eat a bullock daily (of which he has seven hundred at present in the compound, and swears that during the siege he will content himself with only three a-week): he has lost, in battle, his left eye; and what is the consequence? O Ram Gunge (O thou-with-the-eye-as-bright-as-morning and-with-beard-as-black-as-night), Goliah Gujputi — NEVER SLEEPS!"

"Ah, you Ghorumsaug" (you thief of the world), said the Prince Vizier, Saadut Alee Beg Bimbakchee — "it's joking you are;" — and there was a universal buzz through the room at the announcement of this bouncer.

"By the hundred and eleven incarnations of Vishnou," said I, solemnly (an oath which no Indian was ever known to break), "I swear that so it is; so at least he told me, and I have good cause to know his power. Gujputi is an enchanter, he is leagued with devils, he is invulnerable. Look," said I, unsheathing my dagger, and every eye turned instantly towards me — "thrice did I stab him with this steel — in the back, once — twice right through the heart; but he only laughed me to scorn, and bade me tell Holkar that the steel was not yet forged which was to inflict an injury upon him."

I never saw a man in such a rage as Holkar was when I gave him this somewhat imprudent message.

"Ah, lily-livered rogue!" shouted he out to me, "milk-blooded unbeliever! pale-faced miscreant! lives he after insulting thy master in thy presence? In the name of the Prophet, I spit on thee, defy thee, abhor thee, degrade thee! Take that, thou liar of the universe! and that — and that — and that!"

Such are the frightful excesses of barbaric minds! every time this old man said "Take that," he flung some article near him at the head of the undaunted Gahagan — his dagger, his sword, his carbine, his richly ornamented pistols, his turban covered with jewels, worth a hundred thousand crores of rupees — finally, his hookah, snake, mouth-piece, silver-bell, chillum and all — which went hissing over my head, and flattening into a jelly the nose of the grand vizier.

"Yock muzzee!" "my nose is off," said the old man, mildly; "will you have my life, O Holkar? it is thine likewise!" and no other word of complaint escaped his lips.

Of all these missiles, though a pistol and carbine had gone off as the ferocious Indian flung them at my head, and the naked scimitar, fiercely but unadroitly thrown, had lopped off the limbs of one or two of the musnuds as they sat trembling on their omrahs, yet, strange to say, not a single weapon had hurt me. When the hubbub ceased, and the unlucky wretches who had been the victims of this fit of rage had been removed, Holkar's good-humour somewhat returned, and he allowed me to continue my account of the fort; which I did, not taking the slightest notice of his burst of impatience, as indeed it would have been the height of impoliteness to have done, for such accidents happened many times in the day.

"It is well that the Bobbachy has returned," snuffed out the poor Grand Vizier, after I had explained to the council the extraordinary means of defence possessed by the garrison. "Your star is bright, O Bahawder! for this very night we had resolved upon an escalade of the fort, and we had sworn to put every one of the infidel garrison to the edge of the sword."

"But you have no battering train," said I.

"Bah! we have a couple of ninety-six pounders, quite sufficient to blow the gates open; and then, hey for a charge!" said Loll Mahommed, a general of cavalry, who was a rival of Bobbachy's, and contradicted, therefore, every word I said. "In the name of Juggernaut, why wait for the heavy artillery? Have we not swords? have we not hearts? Mashallah! Let cravens stay with Bobbachy, all true men will follow Loll Mahommed! Allah-humduillah, Bismillah, Barikallah?"* and drawing his scimitar, he waved it over his head, and shouted out his cry of battle. It was repeated by many of the other omrahs; the sound of their choers was carried into the camp, and caught up by the men; the camels began to cry, the horses to prance and neigh, the eight hundred elephants set up a scream, the trumpeters and drummers clanged away at their instruments. I never heard such a din before or after. How I trembled for my little garrison when I heard the enthusiastic cries of this innumerable host!

There was but one way for it. "Sir," said I, addressing Holkar, "go out to-night, and you go to certain death. Loll Mahommed has not seen the fort as I have.

* The Major has put the most approved language into the mouths of his Indian characters. Bismillah, Barikallah, and so on, according to the novelists, form the very essence of Eastern conversation.

Pass the gate if you please, and for what? to fall before the fire of a hundred pieces of artillery; to storm another gate, and then another, and then to be blown up, with Gahagan's garrison in the citadel. Who talks of courage? Were I not in your august presence, O star of the faithful, I would crop Loll Mahommed's nose from his face, and wear his ears as an ornament in my own pugree! Who is there here that knows not the difference between yonder yellow-skinned coward and Gahagan Khan Guj — I mean Bobbachy Bahawder? I am ready to fight one, two, three, or twenty of them, at broad-sword, small-sword, single-stick, with fists, if you please; by the holy piper, fighting is like mate and dthrink to Ga — to Bobbachy, I mane — whoop! come on, you divvle, and I'll bate the skin off your ugly bones."

This speech had very nearly proved fatal to me, for, when I am agitated, I involuntarily adopt some of the phraseology peculiar to my own country; which is so un-eastern, that, had there been any suspicion as to my real character, detection must indubitably have ensued. As it was, Holkar perceived nothing, but instantaneously stopped the dispute. Loll Mahommed, however, evidently suspected something, for, as Holkar, with a voice of thunder, shouted out, "Tomasha," "silence," Loll sprung forward and gasped out —

"My Lord! my Lord; this is not Bob —"

But he could say no more. "Gag the slave!" screamed out Holkar, stamping with fury; and a turban was instantly twisted round the poor devil's jaws. "Ho, Furshes! carry out Loll Mahommed Khan, give him a hundred dozen on the soles of his feet, set him upon a white donkey, and carry him round the camp, with an

inscription before him — 'This is the way that Holkar rewards the talkative.'"

I breathed again; and ever as I heard each whack of the bamboo falling on Loll Mahommed's feet, I felt peace returning to my mind, and thanked my stars that I was delivered of this danger.

"Vizier," said Holkar, who enjoyed Loll's roars amazingly, "I owe you a reparation for your nose: kiss the hand of your prince, O Saadat Aleé Beg Bimbukchee! be from this day forth Zoheir u Dowlut!"

The good old man's eyes filled with tears. "I can bear thy severity, O Prince," said he, "I cannot bear thy love. Was it not an honour that your highness did me just now when you condescended to pass over the bridge of your slave's nose?"

The phrase was by all voices pronounced to be very poetical. The vizier retired, crowned with his new honours, to bed. Holkar was in high good-humour.

"Bobbachy," said he, "thou, too, must pardon me; — à propos — I have news for thee. Your wife, the incomparable Puttee Rooge (white and red rose), has arrived in camp."

"My wife, my Lord!" said I, aghast.

"Our daughter, the light of thine eyes! Go, my son; I see thou art wild with joy. The princess's tents are set up close by mine, and I know thou longest to join her."

My wife! here was a complication truly!

CHAPTER V.

The Issue of my Interview with my Wife.

I FOUND Puneeree Muckun, with the rest of my attendants, waiting at the gate, and they immediately conducted me to my own tents in the neighbourhood. I have been in many dangerous predicaments before that time and since, but I don't care to deny that I felt in the present instance such a throbbing of the heart as I never have experienced when leading a forlorn hope, or marching up to a battery.

As soon as I entered the tents a host of menials sprung forward, some to ease me of my armour, some to offer me refreshments, some with hookahs, attar of roses (in great quart bottles), and the thousand delicacies of Eastern life. I motioned them away. "I will wear my armour," said I; "I shall go forth to-night; carry my duty to the princess, and say I grieve that to-night I have not the time to see her. Spread me a couch here, and bring me supper here; a jar of Persian wine well cooled, a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, a pillaw of a couple of turkeys, a curried kid — anything. Begone! Give me a pipe; leave me alone, and tell me when the meal is ready."

I thought by these means to put off the fair Puttec Rooge, and hoped to be able to escape without subjecting myself to the examination of her curious eyes. After smoking for a while, an attendant came to tell me that my supper was prepared in the inner apartment of the tent (I suppose that the reader, if he be possessed of the commonest intelligence, knows that the tents of the Indian grandees are made of the finest Cashmere shawls, and contain a dozen rooms at least, with carpets,

chimneys, and sashwindows complete.) I entered, I say, into an inner chamber, and there began with my fingers to devour my meal in the Oriental fashion, taking, every now and then, a pull from the wine-jar, which was cooling deliciously in another jar of snow.

I was just in the act of despatching the last morsel of a most savoury stewed lamb and rice, which had formed my meal, when I heard a scuffle of feet, a shrill clatter of female voices, and, the curtain being flung open, in marched a lady accompanied by twelve slaves, with moon faces and slim waists, lovely as the houris in Paradise.

The lady herself, to do her justice, was as great a contrast to her attendants as could possibly be; she was crooked, old, of the complexion of molasses, and rendered a thousand times more ugly by the tawdry dress and the blazing jewels with which she was covered. A line of yellow chalk drawn from her forehead to the tip of her nose (which was further ornamented by an immense glittering nose-ring), her eye-lids painted bright red, and a large dab of the same colour on her chin, showed she was not of the Mussulman, but the Brahmin faith — and of a very high caste; you could see that by her eyes. My mind was instantaneously made up as to my line of action.

The male attendants had of course quitted the apartment, as they heard the well-known sound of her voice. It would have been death to them to have remained and looked in her face. The females ranged themselves round their mistress, as she squatted down opposite to me.

"And is this," said she, "a welcome, O Khan! after six months' absence, for the most unfortunate and loving wife in all the world — is this lamb, O glutton! half

so tender as thy spouse? Is this wine, O sot! half so sweet as her looks?"

I saw the storm was brewing — her slaves to whom she turned, kept up a kind of chorus: —

"O, the faithless one!" cried they; "O, the rascal, the false one, who has no eye for beauty, and no heart for love, like the Khanum's!"

"A lamb is not so sweet as love," said I gravely: "but a lamb has a good temper; a wine-cup is not so intoxicating as a woman — but a wine-cup has *no tongue*, O Khanum Gee!" and again I dipped my nose in the soul-refreshing jar.

The sweet Puttee Rooge was not, however, to be put off by my repartees; she and her maidens recommenced their chorus, and chattered and stormed until I lost all patience.

"Retire, friends," said I, "and leave me in peace."

"Stir, on your peril!" cried the Khanum.

So, seeing there was no help for it but violence, I drew out my pistols, cocked them, and said, "O houria! three pistols contain each two balls: the daughter of Holkar bears a sacred life for me — but for you! — by all the saints of Hindoostan, four of ye shall die if ye stay a moment longer in my presence!" This was enough; the ladies gave a shriek, and skurried out of the apartment like a covey of partridges on the wing.

Now, then, was the time for action. My wife, or rather Bobbachy's wife, sate still, a little flurried by the unusual ferocity which her lord had displayed in her presence. I seized her hand and, gripping it close, whispered in her ear, to which I put the other pistol, "O Khanum, listen and scream not; the moment you scream, you die!" She was completely beaten: she

turned as pale as a woman could in her situation, and said, "Speak, Bobbachy Bahawder, I am dumb."

"Woman," said I, taking off my helmet, and removing the chain cape which had covered almost the whole of my face — "*I am not thy husband* — I am the slayer of elephants, the world-renowned GAHAGAN!"

As I said this, and as the long ringlets of red hair fell over my shoulders (contrasting strangely with my dyed face and beard), I formed one of the finest pictures that can possibly be conceived, and I recommend it as a subject to Mr. Heath, for the next "Book of Beauty."

"Wretch!" said she, "what wouldst thou?"

"You black-faced fiend," said I, "raise but your voice, and you are dead!"

"And afterwards," said she, "do you suppose that you can escape? The torments of hell are not so terrible as the tortures that Holkar will invent for thee."

"Tortures, madam," answered I, coolly, "fiddlesticks! You will neither betray me, nor will I be put to the torture: on the contrary, you will give me your best jewels and facilitate my escape to the fort. Don't grind your teeth and swear at me. Listen, madam; you know this dress and these arms, they are the arms of your husband, Bobbachy Bahawder — *my prisoner*. He now lies in yonder fort, and, if I do not return before daylight, at *sunrise he dies*: and then, when they send his corpse back to Holkar, what will you, *his widow*, do?"

"Oh!" said she, shuddering, "spare me, spare me!"

"I'll tell you what you will do. You will have the pleasure of dying along with him — of *being roasted*, madam, an agonising death, from which your father

cannot save you, to which he will be the first man to condemn and conduct you. Ha! I see we understand each other, and you will give me over the cash-box and jewels." And so saying I threw myself back with the calmest air imaginable, flinging the pistols over to her. "Light me a pipe, my love," said I, "and then go and hand me over the dollars; do you hear?" You see I had her in my power — up a tree, as the Americans say, and she very humbly lighted my pipe for me, and then departed for the goods I spoke about.

What a thing is luck! If Loll Mahommed had not been made to take that ride round the camp, I should infallibly have been lost.

My supper, my quarrel with the princess, and my pipe afterwards, had occupied a couple of hours of my time. The princess returned from her quest, and brought with her the box, containing valuables to the amount of about three millions sterling. (I was cheated of them afterwards, but have the box still, a plain deal one.) I was just about to take my departure, when a tremendous knocking, shouting, and screaming was heard at the entrance of the tent. It was Holkar himself, accompanied by that cursed Loll Mahommed, who, after his punishment, found his master restored to good humour, and had communicated to him his firm conviction that I was an impostor.

"Ho, Begum!" shouted he, in the ante-room (for he and his people could not enter the women's apartments), "speak, O my daughter! is your husband returned?"

"Speak, madam," said I, "or *remember the roasting.*"

"He is, papa," said the Begum.

"Are you sure? Ho! ho! ho!" (the old ruffian was

laughing outside) — "are you sure it is? — Ha! ha! ha! — *he-e-e!*"

"Indeed it is he, and no other. I pray you, father, to go, and to pass no more such shameless jests on your daughter. Have I ever seen the face of any other man?" And hereat she began to weep as if her heart would break — the deceitful minx!

Holkar's laugh was instantly turned to fury. "O, you liar and eternal thief!" said he, turning round (as I presume, for I could only hear) to Loll Mahommed, "to make your prince eat such monstrous dirt as this! Furoshes, seize this man. I dismiss him from my service, I degrade him from his rank, I appropriate to myself all his property; and, hark ye, Furoshes, GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOZEN MORE!"

Again I heard the whacks of the bamboos, and peace flowed into my soul.

* * * * *

Just as morn began to break, two figures were seen to approach the little fortress of Puttyghur; one was a woman wrapped closely in a veil, the other a warrior, remarkable for the size and manly beauty of his form, who carried in his hand a deal box of considerable size. The warrior at the gate gave the word and was admitted; the woman returned slowly to the Indian camp. Her name was Puttee Rooge; his was —

G. O'G. G., M. H. E. I. C. S. C. I. H. A.

CHAPTER VI.

Famine in the Garrison.

Thus my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communicated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him, and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

"Why, Ghorumsaug," said I, "what makes thee look so pale, fellow?" (He was as white as a sheet). "It is thy master, dost thou not remember him?" The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan's clothes, but was not present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

"O Bramah, Vishnou, and Mahomet!" cried the faithful fellow, "and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For heaven's sake let me rid you of this odious black paint; for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear amongst them with his roses turned into coal?"

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I *was* a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armour and habiliments which I wore; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies; hastened, I say, — although

delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

"How is the prisoner, Ghorumsaug?" said I, before leaving my apartment.

"He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him: two men and myself watch over him; and Macgillicuddy Sahib (the second in command) has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure."

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great that I could not help informing him of its contents); and this done I despatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection. What good after all have I done, thought I to myself, in this expedition which I had so rashly undertaken? I had seen the renowned Holkar, I had been in the heart of his camp; I knew the disposition of his troops, that there were eleven thousand of them, and that he only waited for his guns to make a regular attack on the fort. I had seen Puttee Rooge; I had robbed her (I say *robbed* her, and I don't care what the reader or any other man may think of the act) of a deal box, containing jewels to the amount of three millions sterling, the property of herself and husband.

Three millions in money and jewels! And what the deuce were money and jewels to me or to my poor garrison? Could my adorable Miss Bulcher eat a fricasee of diamonds, or, Cleopatra-like, melt down pearls to her tea? Could I, careless as I am about food, with a stomach that would digest anything — (once, in Spain, I ate the leg of a horse during a famine, and was so eager to swallow this morsel that I bolted the shoe, as

well as the hoof, and never felt the slightest inconvenience from either) — could I, I say, expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a dish of stewed emeralds and rubies? With all the wealth of Croesus before me I felt melancholy; and would have paid cheerfully its weight in carats for a good honest round of boiled beef. Wealth, wealth, what art thou? What is gold? — Soft metal. What are diamonds? — Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners, the only fame achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's consideration, are beef-steaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

The two latter means of competency we possessed; I had in my own apartments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under my own bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents); I had 14 pieces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 carronades, 5 howitzers, and a long brass mortar, for grape, which I had taken myself at the battle of Assye), and muskets for ten times my force. My garrison, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted of 40 men, two chaplains, and a surgeon; add to these my guests, 83 in number, of whom nine only were gentlemen (in tights, powder, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely for a dance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our numbers: —

Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies	74
Other non-combatants	11
MAJOR-GEN. O'G. GARAGAN	1000

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army: with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal.

We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126 mouths; as combatants we numbered 1040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if —

If! — ay, there was the rub — *if* we had *shot*, as well as powder for our guns; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honour, to feed 126 souls, we had but

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.
Of soda-water, four ditto ditto.
Two bottles of fine Spanish olives.
Raspberry cream — the remainder of two dishes.
Seven macaroons, lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.
Half a drum of best Turkey figs.
Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.
Three ham-sandwiches, and a pot of currant-jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison! The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return: taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon, now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. O, my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself: eighty-three men and women in ball dresses; the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with faded flowers, uncourled wigs,

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Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies	74
Other non-combatants	11
MAJOR-GEN. O'G. GAHAGAN	1000

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army: with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal.

We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126 mouths; as combatants we numbered 1040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if —

If! — ay, there was the rub — *if* we had *shot*, as well as powder for our guns; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honour, to feed 126 souls, we had but

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Raspberry cream — the remainder of two dishes.

Seven macaroons, lying in the puddle of a demolished trife.

Half a dram of best Turkey figs.

Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Siltan; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.

Three ham-sandwiches, and a pot of currant-jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison! The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return: taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon, now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. O, my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself; eighty-three men and women in ball dresses; the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with faded flowers, uncurl'd wigs,

smudged rouge, bleary eyes, dragging feathers, rumpled satins — each more desperately melancholy and hideous than the other — each, except my beloved Belinda Bulcher, whose raven ringlets never having been in curl could of course never go *out* of curl; whose cheek, pale as the lily, could, as it may naturally be supposed, grow no paler; whose neck and beauteous arms, dazzling as alabaster, needed no pearl-powder, and therefore, as I need not state, did not suffer because the pearl-powder had come off. Joy (deft link-boy!) lit his lamps in each of her eyes as I entered. As if I had been her sun, her spring, lo! blushing roses mantled in her cheek! Seventy-three ladies, as I entered, opened their fire upon me, and stunned me with cross-questions, regarding my adventures in the camp — *she*, as she saw me, gave a faint scream (the sweetest, sure, that ever gurgled through the throat of a woman!), then started up — then made as if she would sit down — then moved backwards — then tottered forwards — then tumbled into my — Psha! why recall, why attempt to describe that delicious — that passionate greeting of two young hearts? What was the surrounding crowd to *us*? What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill “Upon my word,” of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda’s mamma? The brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms. “Goliah! my Goliah!” said she, “my brave, my beautiful, *thou* art returned, and hope comes back with thee. Oh! who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful night!” Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered; and if I *had* perilled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the

moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy!

* * * *

[The major's description of this meeting, which lasted at the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve-and-a-half; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

* * * *

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and, scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out, "Hark ye! men and women — I am this lady's truest knight — her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort — the enemy is without it; another word of mockery — another glance of scorn — and, by Heaven, I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar!" This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, "Well, Captain Gahagan, your ball has been so pleasant, and the supper was despatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast." And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech. "Oh! breakfast, breakfast by all means," said the rest; "we really are dying for a warm cup of tea."

"Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?" says I.

"Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like," said fat Mrs. Van.

"What do you say, then, to some prime *gunpowder*?" Of course they said it was the very thing.

"And do you like hot rowls or cowl'd — muffins or crumpets — fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some ilegant divvled-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?"

"Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow," answered they all.

"But stop," says I. "O ladies, O ladies; O gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without —"

"What?" said they, in a breath.

"Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house."

"Well, well, we can do without it."

"Or a single pound of coffee."

"Never mind; let that pass too." (Mrs. Van and the rest were beginning to look alarmed.)

"And about the kidneys — now I remember, the black divvles outside the fort have seized upon all the sheep; and how are we to have kidneys without them?" (Here there was a slight o—o—o!)

"And with regard to the milk and crame, it may be remarked that the cows are likewise in pawn, and not a single drop can be had for money or love: but we can beat up eggs, you know, in the tay, which will be just as good."

"Oh! just as good."

"Only the divvle's in the luck, there's not a fresh egg to be had — no, nor a fresh chicken," continued I, "nor a stale one either; nor a tayspoonful of souchong; nor a thimbleful of bohay; nor the laste taste in life of butther, salt or fresh; nor hot rowls or cowl'd!"

"In the name of Heaven!" said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, "what is there, then?"

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you what there is, now," shouted I. "There's

"Two dramaticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer," &c. &c. &c.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham-sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

"Law! Mr. Gahagan," said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobleschroy, "give me the ham-sandwiches — I must manage to breakfast off them."

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition! Of course I did not accede to it — why should I? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. "Ladies," said I, "there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none — of drink there is a tolerable quantity; and at one o'clock punctually, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman: the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig — and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days; and, if he be, why still there is a chance — why do I say a chance? — *a certainty* of escaping from the hands of these ruffians."

"Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan!" screeched the whole covey at a breath.

"It lies," answered I, "in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar."

The women, at this, raised a squeal that might have been heard in Holkar's camp, and fainted in different directions; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, "Well done, thou noble knight! bravely said, my heart's Goliath!" I felt I was right: I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment! "And now, ladies," said I, "I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation — the other gentlemen will follow me upstairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them."

CHAPTER VII.

The Escape.

LOTH as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts, where I proceeded to review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom, as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honour); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above-named) were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their

sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was, moreover, bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent — this did not surprise me, as I had told them not to leave their prisoner; but desirous to speak with the lieutenant, I despatched a messenger to him, and ordered him to appear immediately.

The messenger came back; he was looking ghastly pale: he whispered some information into my ear, which instantly caused me to hasten to the apartments, where I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be confined.

The men had fled; — Bobbachy had fled; and in his place, fancy my astonishment when I found — with a rope, cutting his naturally wide mouth almost into his ears — with a dreadful sabre cut across his forehead — with his legs tied over his head, and his arms tied between his legs — my unhappy, my attached friend — Mortimer Macgillicuddy!

He had been in this position for about three hours — it was the very position in which I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be placed — an attitude uncomfortable, it is true, but one which renders escape impossible, unless treason aid the prisoner.

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position: I poured half-a-bottle of whiskey down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mouth, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was! idiot! — upon my return to the

fort, to have been anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner; when his escape would have been prevented — O foppery, foppery! it was that cursed love of personal appearance, which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honour!

Thus it was that the escape took place. My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise, which I had taken from the back of the prostrate Bobbachy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next? — Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbachy — he put it, once more, on its right owner, he and his internal black companions (who had been so won over by the Bobbachy, with promises of enormous reward), gagged Macgillicuddy, who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the word. The sentinel, thinking it was myself, who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again (indeed, my rascally valet said, that Gahagan Saib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoitre) — opened the gates, and off they went!

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered! — and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds*; — he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men, with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them: I had changed the guard at the gate

(whom they had won over likewise); and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape, until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool! fool! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillicuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag, and the whiskey he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me — my precious box! — I rushed back, I found that box — I have it still — opening it, there where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tomauns, kopeks, and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as ducks' eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank notes — I found — a piece of paper! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated: —

EPIGRAM.

(On disappointing a certain Major.)

The conquering lion return'd with his prey,
And safe in his cavern he set it,
The sly little fox stole the booty away;
And, as he escaped, to the lion did say,
"Aha, don't you wish you may get it?"

Confusion! Oh, how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped, — I swore, — I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming, "the enemy, the enemy!"

CHAPTER VIII.

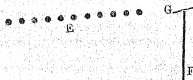
The Captive.

It was high time, indeed, that I should make my appearance. Waving my sword with one hand, and seizing my telescope with the other, I at once frightened and examined the enemy. Well they knew when they saw that flamingo-plume floating in the breeze — that awful figure standing in the breach — that waving war-sword sparkling in the sky — well, I say, they knew the name of the humble individual who owned the sword, the plume, and the figure. The ruffians were mustered in front, the cavalry behind. The flags were flying, the drums, gongs, tambourines, violoncellos, and other instruments of Eastern music, raised in the air a strange, barbaric melody; the officers (yatabals), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

You see that two sides of the fort of Futtyghur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular), are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns, therefore (with their six-and-thirty miserable charges of shot) were dragged round to the point at which I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men by a single discharge of a cannon; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls, (the rogues knew

all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance — it was about the spot where the Futyghur hill began gradually to rise — the invading force stopped; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools; they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position parallel to it!); the cavalry halted too, and — after the deuce's own flourish of trumpets, and banging of gongs, to be sure, somebody, in a flame-coloured satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

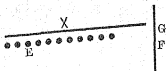
The elephants were, as I said, in a line formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters: —



E, is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G a gun in the fort. Now the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks wagging to and fro gracefully before them; and I, with super-human skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself;

bang it went, and what was the consequence? Why this:—



F is the fort, as before. G is the gun, as before. E, the elephants, as we have previously seen them. What then is +? + is the line taken by the ball fired from G, which took off one hundred and thirty-four elephants' trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth!

I say that such a shot was never fired before or since; that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal? An ass would have done it, prided himself had he hit his mark, and what would have been the consequence? Why, that the ball might have killed two elephants and wounded a third; but here, probably, it would have stopped, and done no further mischief. The *trunk* was the place at which to aim; there are no bones there; and away, consequently, went the bullet, shearing, as I have said, through one hundred and thirty-five probosces. Heavens! what a howl there was when the shot took effect! What a sudden stoppage of Holkar's speech! What a hideous snorting of elephants! What a rush backwards was made by the whole army, as if some demon was pursuing them!

Away they went. No sooner did I see them in full retreat, than, rushing forward myself, I shouted to my

men, "My friends, yonder lies your dinner!" We flung open the gates — we tore down to the spot where the elephants had fallen: seven of them were killed; and of those that escaped to die of their hideous wounds elsewhere, most had left their tusks behind them. A great quantity of them we seized; and I myself, cutting up with my scimeter a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the men to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbecued elephant was served round for dinner, instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine, which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one — the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life: they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an India-rubber flavour, which, until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence on the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others had forced their way into the supper-room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison larder, with the exception of the cheeses, the olives, and the wine, which were locked up in my own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van! When I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbecued steaks, and when everybody had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalate the fort; but by the help of my guns, and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy and

the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious; but when another attack was made, what were we to do? We had still a little powder left, but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron-bars, &c., in the garrison! On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food; I shall never forget Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are never at an end. Yesterday I had no ammunition; to-day, I discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels, which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time my friend Loll Mahommed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed the attack. The poor wretch could not walk, but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword, and cursing horribly in his Hindoostan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock men, who picked off every one of our men who showed their noses above the ramparts; and a great host of blackamoors with scaling ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, fascines, gabions, culverins, demilunes, counterscarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came; my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how my pieces were loaded? I answer, that though my garrison were without food, I knew my duty as an officer, and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced, — whish! went one of the Dutch cheeses, — bang! went the other. Alas! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing body, they certainly floored it; but they became at once like so much Welsh-rabbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

"Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum;" (praise to Allah, and the forty-nine Imaums!) shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahommed, when he saw the failure of my shot. "Onward, sons of the Prophet! the infidel has no more ammunition — a hundred thousand lakhs of rupees to the man who brings me Gabagan's head!"

His men set up a shout, and rushed forward — he, to do him justice, was at the very head, urging on his own palanquin bearers, and poking them with the tip of his scimeter. They came panting up the hill: I was black with rage, but it was the cold, concentrated rage of despair. "Macgillicuddy," said I, calling that faithful officer, "you know where the barrels of powder are?" He did. "You know the use to make of them?" He did. He grasped my hand. "Goliath," said he, "farewell! I swear that the fort shall be in atoms, as soon as yonder unbelievers have carried it. Oh, my poor mother!" added the gallant youth, as sighing, yet fearless, he retired to his post.

I gave one thought to my blessed, my beautiful Belinda, and then, stepping into the front, took down one of the swivels; — a shower of matchlock balls came whizzing round my head. I did not heed them.

I took the swivel, and aimed coolly. Loll Mohamed, his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight

before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired — bang!!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahommed*. The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead — the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran — the whole host ran as one man; their screams might be heard for leagues. "Tomasha, to-masha," they cried, "it is enchantment!" Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight was done, I flew back to my Belinda — we had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding her!

The sweet soul turned towards me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms; but, alas! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong — it was hunger! "Oh! my Goliah," whispered she, "for three days I have not tasted food — I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday; but now — oh! heaven!" She could say no more, but sunk almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed down-stairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law; my adorable girl must eat elephant, until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court where the men were, for the most part, assembled. "Men," said I, "our larder is empty; we must fill it as we did the day before yester-

day; who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party?" I expected that, as on former occasions, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment, not a soul moved — a murmur arose among the troops; and at last, one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

"Captain," he said, "it is of no use; we cannot feed upon elephants for ever; we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow. We may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won't go elephant-hunting any more."

"Ruffian!" I said, "he who first talks of surrender, dies!" and I cut him down. "Is there any one else who wishes to speak?"

No one stirred.

"Cowards! miserable cowards!" shouted I; "what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms — what, do I say *your* arms? — before *mine*! — alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho! open the gate!"

I rushed out; not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground where they had fallen, about four hundred yards from the fort. I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz — piff — whirr! came the balls over my head; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter! they fell on the body of the elephant like

drops of rain. The enemy were behind me; I knew it, and quickened my pace. I heard the gallop of their horse: they came nearer, nearer; I was within a hundred yards of the fort — seventy — fifty! I strained every nerve; I panted with the superhuman exertion — I ran — could a man run very fast with such a tremendous weight on his shoulders?

Up came the enemy; fifty horsemen were shouting and screaming at my tail. Oh, heaven! five yards more — one moment — and I am saved! — It is done — I strain the last strain — I make the last step — I fling forward my precious burden into the gate opened wide to receive me and it, and — I fall! The gate thunders to, and I am left *on the outside!* Fifty knives are gleaming before my bloodshot eyes — fifty black hands are at my throat, when a voice exclaims, "Stop; — kill him not, it is Gujputi!" A film came over my eyes — exhausted nature would bear no more.

CHAPTER IX.

Surprise of Puttyghur.

WHEN I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces; and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary) feeling my pulse, and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

"Where am I?" I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces, and the strange apartment which met my view. "Bekhusm!" said the apothecary. "Silence! Gahagan Saib is in the hands of those who know his valour, and will save his life."

"Know my valour, slave? Of course you do," said I;

"but the fort — the garrison — the elephant — Belinda, my love — my darling — Macgillicuddy — the scoundrelly mutineers — the deal bo —" * * * *

I could say no more; the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered mind and frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

Again, however, I came to my senses; the pothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours I awoke, much refreshed. I had no wound; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length. Walking, the task is bad enough: but running, it is the deuce; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me? I had surely seen him before. No — yes — no — yes — it *was* he — the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaimed him at once to be — Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee, Holkar's prime vizier, whose nose, as the reader may recollect, his highness had flattened with his kalcawn, during my interview with him in the Pitan's disguise. — I now knew my fate but too well — I was in the hands of Holkar.

Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee slowly advanced towards me, and with a mild air of benevolence, which

distinguished that excellent man (he was torn to pieces by wild horses the year after, on account of a difference with Holkar), he came to my bedside, and taking gently my hand, said, "Life and death, my son, are not ours. Strength is deceitful, valour is unavailing, fame is only wind — the nightingale sings of the rose all night — where is the rose in the morning? Booch, booch! it is withered by a frost. The rose makes remarks regarding the nightingale, and where is that delightful song-bird? Pena-bekhoda, he is netted, plucked, spitted, and roasted! Who knows how misfortune comes? It has come to Gahagan Gujputi!"

"It is well," said I, stoutly, and in the Malay language. "Gahagan Gujputi will bear it like a man."

"No doubt — like a wise man and a brave one; but there is no lane so long to which there is not a turning, no night so black to which there comes not a morning. Icy winter is followed by merry spring time — grief is often succeeded by joy."

"Interpret, oh riddler!" said I; "Gahagan Khan is no reader of puzzles — no prating Mollah. Gujputi loves not words, but swords."

"Listen, then, oh, Gujputi: you are in Holkar's power."

"I know it."

"You will die by the most horrible tortures to-morrow morning."

"I dare say."

"They will tear your teeth from your jaws, your nails from your fingers, and your eyes from your head."

"Very possibly."

"They will flay you alive, and then burn you."

"Well; they can't do any more."

"They will seize upon every man and woman in yonder fort" — it was not then taken! — "and repeat upon them the same tortures."

"Ha! Belinda! Speak — how can all this be avoided?"

"Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face, called Belinda."

"He does, Vizier, to distraction."

"Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army?"

"A captain."

"A miserable captain — oh, shame! Of what creed is he?"

"I am an Irishman, and a Catholic."

"But he has not been very particular about his religious duties?"

"Alas, no."

"He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years?"

"'Tis too true."

"Hearken, now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife — your second wife, that is; — the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness; — with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank, of Bobbachi Bahawder, of whom his highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his highness's forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imams. You have but to renounce your religion and your service, and all these rewards are yours."

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and

gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink — I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it, forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing) — I took it calmly, and said, "This is a tempting offer; oh, Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it?"

After a long parley, he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give him an answer. My mind, however, was made up — as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

* * * * *

At the end of the six hours the Vizier came back; two people were with him; one, by his martial appearance, I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognise. It was about midnight.

"Have you considered?" said the Vizier, as he came to my couch.

"I have," said I, sitting up, — I could not stand, for my legs were tied, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. "I have," said I, "unbelieving dogs! I have. Do you think to pervert a Christian gentleman from his faith and honour? Ruffian blackamoors! do your worst; heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long — tear me to pieces — after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it — and if I did, if each torture could last a life — if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then? I would bear all — all — all — all — all — ALL!" My breast heaved — my form dilated — my eye flashed as I spoke these words. "Tyrants!" said I, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*" Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable Grand Vizier turned away, I saw a tear trickling down his cheeks.

"What a constancy," said he; "oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth!"

His tall companion only sneered and said, "*and Belinda* —"

"Ha!" said I; "ruffian, be still! — Heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest *me*, too! Who with his single sword destroyed thy armies? — Who with his pistol, cleft in twain thy nose-ring? Who slew thy generals? Who slew thy elephants? Three hundred mighty beasts went forth to battle: of these, *I* slew one hundred and thirty-five! — Dog, coward, ruffian, tyrant, unbeliever! Gahagan hates thee, spurns thee, spits on thee!"

Holkar, as I made these uncomplimentary remarks, gave a scream of rage, and, drawing his scimeter, rushed on to despatch me at once (it was the very thing I wished for), when the third person sprang forward, and seizing his arm, cried —

"Papa; oh, save him!" It was Puttee Rooge! "Remember," continued she, "his misfortunes — remember, oh, remember my — love!" — and here she blushed, and putting one finger into her mouth and hanging down her head, looked the very picture of modest affection.

Holkar sulkily sheathed his scimeter, and muttered, "'Tis better as it is; had I killed him now, I had spared him the torture. None of this shameless fooling, Puttee Rooge," continued the tyrant, dragging her away. "Captain Gahagan dies three hours from hence" — Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted — her father

and the Vizier carried her off between them; nor was I loath to part with her, for, with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone — my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life: so I flung myself again on the sofa, and fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to be successful. — It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time, and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe.

* * * * *

Three o'clock came: the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards, who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahommed was conducted through the camp, after he was bastinadoed. Bobbachy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides; my ass was conducted by the common executioner: a crier went forward, shouting out, "Make way for the destroyer of the faithful — he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes." We came to the fatal plain: it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked towards it. Thank Heaven! King George's banner waved on it still — a crowd were gathered on the walls — the men, the dastards who had deserted me — and women, too. Among the latter I thought I distinguished one who — Oh, gods!

the thought turned me sick — I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

"He trembles! he turns pale," shouted out Bobbachy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

"Dog!" shouted I — (I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail, and so looked the Bobbachy full in the face) — "not so pale as you looked, when I felled you with this arm — not so pale as your women looked, when I entered your harem!" Completely chop-fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent: at any rate, I had done for him.

We arrived at the place of execution — a stake — a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass: round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters; in these my wrists were placed — two or three executioners stood near with strange-looking instruments: others were blowing at a fire, over which was a cauldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instruments of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedary, was at a little distance. The Grand Vizier came up to me — it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. "Is it yet time?" said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, "*Executioner — do — your — duty!*"

The horrid man advanced — he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, "*Guggly ka ghee, hum*

khedgerie," said he, "*the oil does not boil yet — wait one minute.*" The assistants blew, the fire blazed, the oil was heated. The Vizier drew a few feet aside, taking a large ladle full of the boiling liquid, he advanced,

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Whish! bang, bang! pop! the executioner was down at my feet, shot through the head; the ladle of scalding oil had been dashed in the face of the unhappy Grand Vizier, who lay on the plain, howling. "Whish! bang! pop! Hurrah! — charge! — forwards! — cut them down! — no quarter!"

I saw — yes, no, yes, no, yes! — I saw regiment upon regiment of galloping British horsemen, riding over the ranks of the flying natives; First of the host, I recognised, oh, Heaven! my ARMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS! On came the gallant line of black steeds and horsemen; swift, swift before them rode my officers in yellow — Glogger, Pappendick, and Stuffle; their sabres gleamed in the sun, their voices rang in the air. "D — them!" they cried, "give it them, boys!" A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music; by one tremendous effort, I wrested the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprung forward — with one blow, I levelled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their fall upsetting the scalding oil-can; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbachi's palanquin off their tags; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of the back, and sent him flying on to the sabres of my advancing soldiers!

The next minute, Glogger and Stuffle were in my

arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase had swept far away. We were alone, I was freed from my immense bar; and ten minutes afterwards, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

"Look at Gahagan," said his Lordship. "Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him at *his post!*"

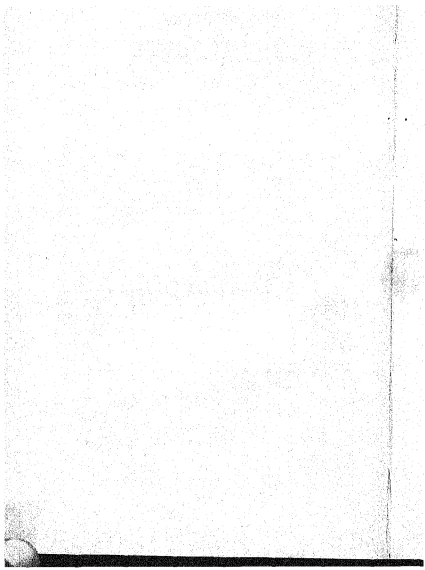
The gallant old nobleman rode on: and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURHUCKABAD, OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR, fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

* * * * *

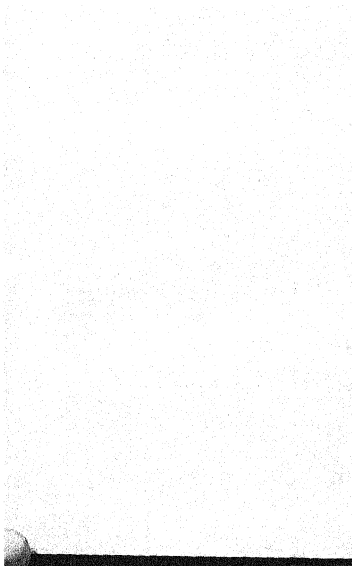
About a month afterwards, the following announcement appeared in *Boggleywallah Hurkaru*, and other Indian papers: — "Married, on the 25th of December, at Futttyghur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Goliah O'Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse Ahmednuggar, to Belinda, second daughter of Major-General Bulcher, C.B. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief gave away the bride; and after a splendid *déjeûné*, the happy pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybang. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader."

Such was the paragraph — such the event — the happiest in the existence of

G. O'G. G. M. H. E. I. C. S. O. I. H. A.



THE FATAL BOOTS.



THE FATAL BOOTS.

JANUARY. — THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

SOME poet has observed, that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial; how much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures, most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions, or seen the wonders of travel in the deserts of Arabia or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them as the way now is. I never left this my native isle, nor spoke to a lord (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras); but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck, that I believe it would melt the heart of a mile-stone to read of it—that is, if a mile-stone had a heart of anything but stone.

Twelve of my adventures, suitable for meditation and

perusal during the twelve months of the year, have been arranged by me for this work. They contain a part of the history of a great, and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe. I never injured a fellow creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shown the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a tolerably good family; and yet, born to wealth — of an inoffensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more — I have been going down hill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name; and I haven't got a shilling: I have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of King George, and am *now* — but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses — a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and afterwards became bankrupt. My papa married this Miss Smith, and carried her off to the country, where I was born, in an evil hour for me.

Were I to attempt to describe my early years, you

would laugh at me as an impostor; but the following letter from mamma to a friend after her marriage, will pretty well show you what a poor, foolish creature she was; and what a reckless extravagant fellow was my other unfortunate parent.

To Miss Eliza Kicks, in Gracechurch Street, London.

O Eliza! your Susan is the happiest girl under heaven! My Thomas is an angel! not a tall grenadier-like looking fellow, such as I always vowed I would marry: — on the contrary, he is what the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess, that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then? when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob! as I sit on one knee, and baby on the other, and as he dances us both about. I often wish that we had Sir Joshua, or some great painter, to depict the group; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world, to see three such loving merry people.

Dear baby is the most lovely little creature that *can possibly be*, — the very *image* of papa; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *everybody*. Nurse says, that, when he is older, he will get rid of his squint, and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Doctor Bates is as kind, and skilful, and attentive as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him! Ever since

poor baby's birth, it has never had a day of quiet; and he has been obliged to give it from three to four doses every week; — how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is! It got through the measles wonderfully; then it had a little rash; and then a nasty hooping cough; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

But dear Tom is an excellent nurse; and many and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man! in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it *for hours*, singing a kind of song (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea-kettle), and bobbing his head backwards and forwards, and looking, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, *so droll*. Oh, Eliza! how you would laugh to see him.

We have one of the best nursemaids *in the world*, — an Irishwoman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother (but that can *never be*). She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy very often, and slovenly, which I cannot conceive; — to be sure, the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

But what of that? — these little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one thinks how many mothers have *no* nursemaids: how many poor dear children have no doctors: ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates's bill is forty-seven pounds? How ill must dear baby have been, to require so much physic!

But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs

us. Ten shillings every week; a glass of brandy or gin at dinner; three pint bottles of Mr. Thrane's best porter every day, making twenty-one in a week; and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates's bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich Uncle John mortally offended because he was made godfather, and had to give baby a silver cup: he has struck Thomas out of his will; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was *not* asked: he will not speak to me or John in consequence); twenty guineas for flannels, laces little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware: and all this out of 300 *l.* a-year! But Thomas expects to make a *great deal* by his farm.

We have got the most charming country-house *you can imagine*: it is *quite shut in* by trees, and so retired, that, though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a-week. The roads, it must be confessed, are execrable; it is winter now, and we are up to our knees in mud and snow. But oh, Eliza! how happy we are: with Thomas (he has had a sad attack of rheumatism, dear man)! and little Bobby, and our kind friend Dr. Bates, who comes so far to see us, I leave you to fancy that we have a charming merry party, and do not care for all the gaieties of Ranelagh.

Adieu! dear baby is crying for his mamma: a thousand kisses from your affectionate

SUSAN STUBBS.

There it is. Doctor's bills, gentleman-farming, twenty-one pints of porter a-week; in this way my unnatural parents were already robbing me of my property.

FEBRUARY. — CUTTING WEATHER.

I HAVE called this chapter "cutting weather," partly in compliment to the month of February, and partly in respect of my own misfortunes which you are going to read about, for I have often thought that January (which is mostly twelfth cake and holiday time) is like the first four or five years of a little boy's life; then comes dismal February, and the working days with it, when chaps begin to look out for themselves, after the Christmas and the New Year's hey-day and merry-making are over, which our infancy may well be said to be. Well can I recollect that bitter first of February, when I first launched out into the world and appeared at Dr. Swishtail's academy.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy, which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me); and besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Wherever I saw six-halfpence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back; — if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I? — those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me the copper merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself: and I can tell you I did.

I never was in any quarrels: I never was very high in the class or very low; but there was no chap so much respected: — and why? *I'd always money.* The other boys spent all theirs in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when theirs was gone, and they had but their three-pence a-week to look to for the rest of the half-year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the three-pence a-week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. Swishtail's, came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, Tom Hicks wanted a slice of gingerbread, who had the money? Little Bob Stubbs to be sure. "Hicks," I used to say, "*I'll buy you three-halfp'orth of gingerbread, if you'll give me three-pence next Saturday:*" and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-halfpence, then there was the three-pence I was to have *the next Saturday.* I'll tell you what I did for a whole half-year: — I lent a chap, by the name of Dick Bunting, three-halfpence the first Saturday, for three-pence the next; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blest if I did not make him pay me three-halfpence *for three and twenty weeks running,* making two shillings and ten-pence-halfpenny. But he was a sad dishonourable fellow, Dick Bunting; for, after I'd been so kind to him, and let him off for three-and-twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and three-pence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due. For the

First week the 3d. would be 6d.	Fourth week	4s.
Second week 1s.	Fifth week	8s.
Third week 2s.	Sixth week	16s.

Nothing could be more just; and yet, will it be believed? when Bunting came back, he offered me *three-halfpence!* the mean, dishonest scoundrel!

However, I was even with him, I can tell you. — He spent all his money in a fortnight, and *then* I screwed him down! I made him, besides giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread and butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out, I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king: and, what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, besides fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle screw, which I got from another chap. It wasn't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I'd had in the year, was it? Hoigh ho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. "Bless him, bless him," says she, "to think of his old father. And where did you purchase it, Bob?" — "Why, mother," says I, "I purchased it out of my savings" (which was as true as the gospel). — When I said this, mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his

hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. "Is he not a noble boy?" says she to my father: "and only nine years old!" — "Faith," says my father, "he is a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy: and here is a crown piece in return for thy bottle screw: — it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too," says my father: and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar); and, by Jupiter! on this night I had my little skin full, — for there was no stinting, — so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle screw. — The best of it was, it only cost me three-pence originally, which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous towards my parents: and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it, that she went into town, and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper: but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. "I sha'n't give you

anything, Bob, this time," says he; "and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents, — for, really, they are too expensive." Expensive, indeed! I hate meanness, — even in a father.

I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which Bunting gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth, — that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do but writes back to Dr. Swishtail, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat!

"What waistcoat is it," says the Doctor to me, "and who gave it to you?"

"Bunting gave it me, sir," says I.

"Call Bunting:" and up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it? he burst into tears, — told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it for a debt to Copper Merchant, as the nasty little black-guard called me. He then said, how, for three halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three halfpence!) — how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner, — and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas. * * * * *

My courage almost fails me as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had

given me, and said he should put them into the poor-box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said, "Take off your coat, Mr. Stubbs, and restore Bunting his waistcoat." I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat, —

"Stop," says he, "TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!"

Ruthless, brutal villain! Sam Hopkins, the biggest boy, took them down — horsed me — and *I was flogged, sir; yes flogged!* Oh, revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age! — Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long.

MARCH. — SHOWERY.

WHEN my mamma heard of the treatment of her darling she was for bringing an action against the school-master, or else for tearing his eyes out (when dear soul she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury), and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa was stern for once, and vowed that I had been served quite right, declared that I should not be removed from the school; and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for what he called his kindness to me. Of these the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to

me, if ever I ventured on such practices again; so I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending, for the Doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged; and any one who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school: not having been able to get farther than that dreadful *Propria quæ maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable — but, on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town; great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well — a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted a *pair of boots*. Three boys in the school had boots — I was mad to have them too.

But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer: but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind

his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man — Stiffelkind was his name — and he took my measure for a pair.

"You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop boots," said the shoemaker.

"I suppose, fellow," says I, "that is my business and not yours; either make the boots or not — but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully;" and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

They had the desired effect — "Stay, sir," says he, "I have a nice littel pair of dop boots dat I tink will jost do for you," and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. "Day were made," said he, "for de Honourable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small."

"Ah, indeed!" said I, "Stiffney is a relation of mine: and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?" He replied, "Three pounds."

"Well," said I, "they are confoundedly dear, but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge you see." The man looked alarmed, and began a speech; "Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout;" — but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted — "Sir! don't sir me — take off the boots, fellow, and, hark ye, when you speak to a nobler man, don't say — Sir."

"A hundert thousand pardons, my lort," says he: "if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you — Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?"

"Name? — oh! why — Lord Cornwallis, to be sure;" said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?" "Keep them until I send for them," said I; and, giving him a patronising bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in paper.

* * * * *

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black-Mondays that ever I knew — as we were all of us playing between school-hours — I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us — a sudden trembling seized me — I knew it was Stiffelkind: what had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry — so I rushed into the school-room, and burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

"I vant Lort Cornvallis;" said the horrid bootmaker. "His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at chorch, yesterday."

"Lord who?"

"Vy, Lort Cornvallis to be sure — a very fat yong nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and swears dreadfully."

"There's no Lord Cornvallis here;" said one — and there was a pause.

"Stop! I have it;" says that odious Bunting, "*It must be Stubbs*;" and "Stubbs! Stubbs!" every one cried

out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, run me into the play-ground — bolt up against the shoemaker.

"Dis is my man — I beg your lortship's pardon," says he, "I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left — see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots."

"Shoes, fellow!" says I, "I never saw your face before;" for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. "Upon the honour of a gentleman," said I, turning round to the boys — they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

"Stop!" says Bunting (hang him!), "let's see the shoes — if they fit him, why, then the cobbler's right" — they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of *Sturbs* was written in them at full length.

"Vat?" said Stiffelkind, "is he not a lort? so help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;" and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir," said the boys, "battling with his shoemaker, about the price of a pair of top-boots."

"O, sir," said I, "it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis."

"In fun! — Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill." My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. "Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots — four guineas."

"You have been fool enough, sir," says the Doctor, looking very stern; "to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home; you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys."

"*Suppose we duck him before he goes,*" piped out a very small voice. The Doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the play-ground pump — they pumped upon me until I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.

I suppose the Doctor, at last, thought I had had pumping enough, for he rung the school-bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me; as I got out of the trough, Stiffelkind was alone with me. "Vell, my lort," says he, "you have paid *something* for dese boots, but not all; by Jubider, *you shall never hear de end of dem.*" And I didn't.

APRIL. — FOOLING.

AFTER this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was: and from boyhood until hobbadyhoyhood (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April when spring begins to bloom) from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home, doing nothing, for which I have ever since had a great taste, the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses in order to find me in pocket money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that way; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time article'd to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman and not a tradesman, and the army was the only place for me. Everybody was a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. "We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment," said my father; "as we have no money to purchase him up, he'll *fight* his way, I make no doubt;" — and papa looked at me, with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's screech, when

he talked so coolly of my going out to fight. "What, send him abroad! across the horrid, horrid sea — to be wrecked and, perhaps, drowned, and only to land for the purpose of fighting the wicked Frenchmen, — to be wounded, and perhaps kick — kick — killed! O Thomas, Thomas! would you murder me and your boy?" There was a regular scene; — however it ended — as it always did — in mother's getting the better, and it was settled that I should go into the militia. And why not? the uniform is just as handsome, and the danger not half so great. I don't think in the course of my whole military experience I ever fought anything, except an old woman, who had the impudence to hallo out, "Heads up, lobster!" — Well, I joined the North Bungays, and was fairly launched into the world.

I was not a handsome man, I know; but there was *something* about me — that's very evident — for the girls always laughed when they talked to me, and the men, though they affected to call me a poor little creature, squint-eyes, knock-knees, red head, and so on, were evidently annoyed by my success, for they hated me so confoundedly. Even at the present time they go on, though I have given up gallivanting, as I call it. But in the April of my existence, — that is, in Anno Domini 1791, or so — it was a different case; and having nothing else to do, and being bent upon bettering my condition, I did some very pretty things in that way. But I was not hot-headed and imprudent, like most young fellows. — Don't fancy I looked for beauty! Pish! — I wasn't such a fool. Nor for temper; I don't care about a bad temper: I could break any woman's heart in two years. What I wanted was to get on in the world. Of course I didn't *prefer* an ugly woman, or a shrew;

and, when the choice offered, would certainly put up with a handsome, good-humoured girl, with plenty of money, as any honest man would.

Now there were two tolerably rich girls in our parts: Miss Magdalen Crutty, with twelve thousand pounds (and, to do her justice, as plain a girl as ever I saw), and Miss Mary Waters, a fine, tall, plump, smiling, peach-cheeked, golden-haired, white-skinned lass, with only ten. Mary Waters lived with her uncle, the Doctor, who had helped me into the world, and who was trusted with this little orphan charge very soon after. My mother, as you have heard, was so fond of Bates, and Bates so fond of little Mary, that both, at first, were almost always in our house; and I used to call her my little wife, as soon as I could speak, and before she could walk, almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbours said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary five thousand pounds, when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking and bobbing, and smiling between the Doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband; and she did; and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was really, amazingly fond of me.

Can any one call me mercenary after that? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten (five in hand, and five in the bush), I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dangle after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen, for all her £12,000. I used to be attentive to her,

though (as it's always useful to be); and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. "Mary," said I, "you know that my love for you is disinterested, — for I am faithful to you, though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you."

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like the having two strings to your bow. "Who knows," thought I, "Mary may die; and then where are my £ 10,000?" So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty; and well it was that I was so: for when I was twenty, and Mary eighteen, I'm blest if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his money in rupees, had been taken — ship, rupees, self and all — by a French privateer! and Mary, instead of £ 10,000, had only £ 5,000, making a difference of no less than £ 350 per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North Bungal Fencibles, Colonel Craw commanding) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess, having uniforms and what not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! "My dearest Robert," wrote Miss Waters, "will deplore my dear brother's loss: but not, I am sure, the money which that kind and generous soul had promised me. I have still five thousand pounds, and with this and your own little fortune (I had £ 1000 in the five per cents.!) we shall be as happy and contented as possible."

Happy and contented, indeed! Didn't I know how

my father got on with his £ 300 a-year, and how it was all he could do out of it to add a hundred a-year to my narrow income, and live himself! My mind was made up — I instantly mounted the coach, and flew to our village, — to Mr. Crutty's, of course. It was next door to Doctor Bates's; but I had no business *there*.

I found Magdalen in the garden. "Heavens, Mr. Stubbs!" said she, as in my new uniform I appeared before her, "I really did never — such a handsome officer — expect to see you;" and she made as if she would blush, and began to tremble violently. I led her to a garden seat. I seized her hand — it was not withdrawn. I pressed it; — I thought the pressure was returned. I flung myself on my knees, and then I poured into her ear a little speech which I had made on the top of the coach. "Divine Miss Crutty," said I; "idol of my soul! It was but to catch one glimpse of you that I passed through this garden. I never intended to breathe the secret passion (oh, no; of course not) which was wearing my life away. You know my unfortunate pre-engagement — it is broken, and *for ever*! I am free; — free, but to be your slave, — your humblest, fondest, truest slave:" and so on.

* * * * *

"O, Mr. Stubbs," said she, as I imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, "I can't refuse you; but I fear you are a sad, naughty man."

* * * * *

Absorbed in the delicious reverie which was caused by the dear creature's confusion, we were both silent for a while, and should have remained so for hours, perhaps, so lost were we in happiness, had I not been suddenly roused by a voice exclaiming from behind us,

"Don't cry, Mary; he is a swindling, sneaking scoundrel, and you are well rid of him!"

I turned round! O, Heaven! there stood Mary, weeping on Doctor Bates's arm, while that miserable apothecary was looking at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener who had let me in had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. "Impudence!" was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers at *the spies*, followed her. We retired to the parlour, where she repeated to me the strongest assurances of her love.

I thought I was a made man. Alas! I was only an APRIL FOOL!

MAY. — RESTORATION DAY.

As the month of May is considered, by poets and other philosophers, to be devoted by Nature to the great purpose of love-making, I may as well take advantage of that season and acquaint you with the result of *my* amours.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign — I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle the Doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy; Miss, pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business;

my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly, as I always did: and I got leave of absence from the regiment in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand — knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim king of terrors might not carry her off before she became mine? With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardour, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed — the ever memorable 10th of May, 1792; the wedding clothes were ordered; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect: — “Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs, of Sloffemsquiggle, Esquire, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esquire, of the same place. A fortune of twenty thousand pounds is, we hear, the lady’s portion. ‘None but the brave deserve the fair.’”

* * * * *

“Have you informed your relatives, my beloved,” said I to Magdalen one day after sending the above notice, “will any of them attend at your marriage?”

“Uncle Sam will, I dare say,” said Miss Crutty, “dear mamma’s brother.”

“And who *was* your dear mamma,” said I, for Miss Crutty’s respected parent had been long since dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground. “Mamma was a foreigner,” at last she said.

“And of what country?”

"A German; papa married her when she was very young:— she was not of a very good family," said Miss Crutty, hesitating.

"And what care I for family, my love," said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held, "she must have been an angel who gave birth to you."

"She was a shoemaker's daughter."

A German shoemaker! hang 'em thought I, I have had enough of them, and so broke up this conversation, which did not somehow please me.

* * * * *

Well, the day was drawing near: the clothes were ordered; the banns were read. My dear mamma had built a cake about the size of a washing-tub: and I was only waiting for a week to pass to put me in possession of twelve thousand pounds in the *five* per cents., as they were in those days, Heaven bless 'em! Little did I know the storm that was brewing, and the disappointment which was to fall upon a young man who really did his best to get a fortune.

* * * * *

"O, Robert!" said my Magdalen to me, two days before the match was to come off, "I have *such* a kind letter from uncle Sam, in London. I wrote to him as you wished. He says that he is coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well, and that he has got a *very handsome present* for us! What can it be, I wonder?"

"Is he rich, my soul's adored?" says I.

"He is a bachelor with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to."

"His present can't be less than a thousand pounds," says I.

"Or, perhaps, a silver tea-set, and some corner dishes," says she.

But we could not agree to this, it was too little — too mean for a man of her uncle's wealth: and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

"Dear good uncle! he's to be here by the coach," says Magdalen. "Let us ask a little party to meet him." And so we did, and so they came. My father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us the next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea-table, and there was the punch-bowl, and everybody ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o'clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon with a portmanteau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse — a venerable old gentleman — I thought I'd seen him before.

* * * * *

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping in the passage: then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and "*How are you,*" and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlour-door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice: —

"Good people all; my brother-in-law, Mr. STIFFELKIND!"

Mr. Stiffelkind! — I trembled as I heard the name!

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a curtsy, and papa made him a bow; and Dr. Snorter, the parson, seized his hand and shook it most warmly — then came my turn!

"Vat," says he, "it is my dear goot yong frend from

Doctor Schvis'hentail's! is dis de yong gentleman's honorable moder (mamma smiled and made a curtesy), and dis his fader! Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you my niece, if you have him for a husband you vil be locky, dat is all. Vat dink you, broder Crotty, and Madame Stobbs, I ave made your sonn's boots, ha! ha!"

My mamma laughed, and said, "I did not know it, but I am sure, sir, he has as pretty a leg for a boot as any in the whole county."

Old Stiffelkind roared louder. "A very nice leg, ma'am, and a very *sheep boot*, too! Vat, did you not know I make his boots! Perhaps you did not know something else too — p'raps you did not know (and here the monster clapped his hand on the table, and made the punch-ladle tremble in the bowl) p'raps you did not know as dat yong man, dat Stobbs, dat sneaking, baltry, squinting fellow, is as vicked as he is ogly. He bot a pair of boots from me and never paid for dem. Dat is noting, nobody never pays, but he bought a pair of boots, and called himself Lord Cornvallis. And I was fool enough to believe him vonce. But look you, niece Magdalen, I ave got five tousand pounds, if you marry him I vil not give you a benny; but look you, what I will gif you, I bromised you a bresent, and I will give you Dese!"

And the old monster produced THOSE VERY BOOTS which Swishtail had made him take back.

* * * * *

I *didn't* marry Miss Crutty: I am not sorry for it though. She was a nasty, ugly, ill-tempered wretch, and I've always said so ever since.

And all this arose from those infernal boots, and

that unlucky paragraph in the county paper — I'll tell you how.

In the first place, it was taken up as a quiz by one of the wicked, profligate, unprincipled organs of the London press, who chose to be very facetious about the "Marriage in High Life," and made all sorts of jokes about me and my dear Miss Crutty.

Secondly, it was read in this London paper by my mortal enemy, Bunting, who had been introduced to old Stiffelkind's acquaintance by my adventure with him, and had his shoes made regularly by that foreign upstart.

Thirdly, he happened to want a pair of shoes mended at this particular period, and as he was measured by the disgusting old High-Dutch Cobbler, he told him his old friend Stubbs was going to be married.

"And to whom?" said old Stiffelkind, "to a woman wit gelt, I vil take my oath."

"Yes," says Bunting, "a country girl — a Miss Madalen Carotty or Crotty, at a place called Sloffem-squiggle."

"*Schloffemschwiegell?*" bursts out the dreadful boot-maker, "Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht — I tell you, sare, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my niece. I vill go down myself. I vill never let her marry dat goot-for-nothing schwindler and teif." Such was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me!

JUNE. — MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

WAS there ever such confounded ill-luck? My whole life has been a tissue of ill-luck: although I have

laboured, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year, — and that is what few can say, who have but an allowance of a hundred a-year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine: and showed them how to play billiards, or *écarté*, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat: I'd rather die than cheat; but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no — why should I? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £ 300 a-year.

His name was Dobbie. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak, young creature; easy to be made tipsy; easy to be cheated; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him; for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobbie and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne, and did everything, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior, — when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables, — hunting everywhere in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know; for the dogs fall in love, with every change of quarters.

Well: once, in the year 1793 (it was just when the

French had chopped poor Louis's head off), Dobbie and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies, by the name of Brisket, daughters of a butcher in the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country; many a treat to a teagarden; many a smart riband and brooch used Dobbie and I (for his father allowed him £600, and our purses were in common) to present to these young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus: —

"Dear Captiving Stubbs and Dobbie — Miss Briskets presents their compliments, and as it is probble that our papa will be till twelve at the corprayshun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea."

Didn't we go! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlour; we quaffed more Bohea, and made more love, than half-a-dozen ordinary men could. At nine, at little punch-bowl succeeded to the little tea-pot; and, bless the girls! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlour was their kitchen, too; at least old Brisket's was. — One door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter-house.

Fancy then, our horror when, just at this critical time, we heard the shop door open, a heavy staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, "Hallo, Susan; hallo, Besty! show a light!" Dobbie turned as white as a sheet; the two girls each as red as a lobster; I alone preserved my presence of mind. "The back door," says I. — "The dog's in the court," says they. "He's not so bad as the man," says I.

"Stop," cries Susan, flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire: "take *this* and perhaps it will quiet him."

What do you think "*this*" was? I'm blest if it was not the *steak*!

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter-house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking carcasses of a couple of sheep; a great gutter ran down the court — a gutter of *blood*! — the dog was devouring his beef-steak (*our* beef-steak) in silence, — and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop-door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather of Dobbie's cocked hat*! When Dobbie saw it, he turned white, and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks, which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded, impudent, pert, wagging feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up — he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone — he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver*.

"Betsy," says he, "open the yard door." But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged, and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. "OPEN THE YARD DOOR," says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog, hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other

end of the court. — Dobbie couldn't move; he was sitting on the block, blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

"*To him Jowler,*" says he, "*keep him Jowler,*" — and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

"That's it," says Brisket, "keep him there, — good dog, — good dog! And now sir," says he, turning round to Dobbie "is this your hat?"

"Yes," says Dobbie, fit to choke with fright.

"Well, then," says Brisket, "it's my — (hick) — my painful duty to — (hick) — to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head; — it's painful, but it must be done. You'd better — (hick) — settle yourself com — comfortably against that — (hick) — that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack — (hick) — no, I mean Jack Robinson."

Dobbie went down on his knees and shrieked out, "I'm an only son, Mr. Brisket! I'll marry her, sir; I will, upon my honour, sir. — Consider my mother, sir; consider my mother,"

"That's it, sir," says Brisket — "that's a good — (hick) — a good boy; — just put your head down quietly — and I'll have it off — yes, off — as if you were Louis the Six — the Sixtix — the Siktickleteenth. — I'll chop the other *chap afterwards.*"

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back, and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat; screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation, — and, to my

wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body!

* * * * *

At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket, — one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them, — and Dobble's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they gave me no small credit for my bravery. "A terrible fellow that Stubbs," said they; and so the mess said, the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide* — why should I? And I didn't say a word about Dobble's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger; and this prevented *him* from telling tales. I had the dog-skin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honour of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage; and such was my reputation at this time, that I might have had my pick out of half-a-dozen, with three, four, or five thousand pounds a-piece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed; and I vowed by all the Saints to have a wife, and a rich one. Depend upon this, as an infallible maxim to guide you through life — *It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one*; — the same bait that will hook a fly will hook a salmon.

JULY. — SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS.

DOBBLE's reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North-Bungays. And though I must confess, what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself on the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage; and that I was as gallant as any of the one hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste — it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting, and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself — being only militia; but, certain it was, that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half a hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels: the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack-shot myself, that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobble, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me, that we ate, drank, and rode together, every day; his father didn't care for money, so long as his son was in good company — and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I *was* good company in those days, and a brave fellow, too, as I should have remained, but for — what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year ninety-six, that the brave North-Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth, a maritime place, which I need not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a General now, or, at least, a rich man.

The red-coats carried everything before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regiment, was very well received by the townspeople; many dinners I had; many tea-parties; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country-dances.

Well; although I had had the two former rebuffs in love, which I have described, my heart was still young; and the fact was, knowing that a girl with a fortune was my only chance, I made love here as furiously as ever. I shan't describe the lovely creatures on whom I fixed, whilst at Portsmouth. I tried more than — several — and it is a singular fact, which I never have been able to account for, that, successful as I was with ladies of maturer age, by the young ones I was refused regular.

But "faint heart never won fair lady;" and so I went on, and on, until I had got a Miss Clopper, a tolerably rich navy-contractor's daughter, into such a way, that I really don't think she could have refused me. Her brother, Captain Clopper, was in a line regiment, and helped me as much as ever he could; he swore I was such a brave fellow.

As I had received a number of attentions from Clopper, I determined to invite him to dinner; which I could do without any sacrifice of my principle, upon this point; for the fact is, Dobbie lived at an inn — and as he sent all his bills to his father, I made no scruple to use

his table. We dined in the coffee-room; Dobbie bringing his friend, and so we made a party *carry*, as the French say. Some naval officers were occupied in a similar way at a table next to ours.

Well — I didn't spare the bottle, either for myself or my friends; and we grew very talkative, and very affectionate as the drinking went on. Each man told stories of his gallantry in the field, or amongst the ladies, as officers will, after dinner. Clopper confided to the company his wish that I should marry his sister, and vowed that he thought me the best fellow in Christendom.

Ensign Dobbie assented to this — "But let Miss Clopper beware," says he, "for Stubbs is a sad fellow; he has had, I don't know how many *liaisons* already; and he has been engaged to I don't know how many women."

"Indeed!" says Clopper, "Come, Stubbs, tell us your adventures."

"Psha!" said I, modestly, "there is nothing, indeed, to tell; I have been in love, my dear boy — who has not? — and I have been jilted — who has not?"

Clopper swore that he would blow his sister's brains out if ever *she* served me so.

"Tell him about Miss Crutty," said Dobbie; "he! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, any how; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn."

"Really, Dobbie, you are too bad, and should not mention names; the fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money — sixty thousand pounds, upon my reputation. Well, everything was arranged, when who should come down from London, but a relation."

"Well; and did he prevent the match?"

"Prevent it — yes, sir, I believe you, he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean; he would have given his eyes: ay, and ten thousand pounds more, if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not."

"Why, in the name of goodness?"

"Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family."

"Of course not," said Dobbie, "he couldn't, you know. Well, now — tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know."

"Hush, Dobbie, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you. My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle."

"Well, but let's have it," said Clopper, "let's have it; I won't tell my sister, you know;" and he put his hand to his nose, and looked monstrous wise.

"Nothing of that sort, Clopper — no, no — 'pon honour — little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine*; and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemsquiggle: Isn't it a funny name? Hang it, there's the naval gentleman staring again, — (I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and continued in a loud careless voice) well — at this Sloffemsquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighbourhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the park and petted her. We were both young — and — and — the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honour as a gentleman, you have all

the story about which that silly Dobbie makes such a noise."

Just as I finished this sentence, I found myself suddenly taken by the nose, and a voice shouting out, —

"Mr. Stubbs, you are a LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL! take this, sir, — and this, for daring to meddle with the name of an innocent lady."

I turned round as well as I could, for the ruffian had pulled me out of my chair, and beheld a great marine monster, six feet high, who was occupied in beating and kicking me, in the most ungentlemanly manner, on my cheeks, my ribs, and between the tails of my coat. "He is a liar, gentlemen, and a scoundrel; the bootmaker had detected him in swindling, and so his niece refused him. Miss Waters was engaged to him from childhood, and he deserted her for the bootmaker's niece, who was richer;" — and then sticking a card between my stock and my coat-collar, in what is called the scruff of my neck, the disgusting brute gave me another blow behind my back, and left the coffee-room with his friends.

Dobbie raised me up; and taking the card from my neck, read, CAPTAIN WATERS. Clopper poured me out a glass of water, and said in my ear, "If this is true, you are an infernal scoundrel, Stubbs; and must fight me, after Captain Waters," and he flounced out of the room.

I had but one course to pursue. I sent the Captain a short and contemptuous note, saying, that he was beneath my anger. As for Clopper, I did not condescend to notice his remark — but in order to get rid of the troublesome society of these low blackguards, I deter-

mined to gratify an inclination I had long entertained, and make a little tour. I applied for leave of absence, and set off *that very night*. I can fancy the disappointment of the brutal Waters, on coming, as he did, the next morning to my quarters and finding me *gone*, ha! ha!

After this adventure I became sick of a military life — at least the life of my own regiment, where the officers, such was their unaccountable meanness and prejudice against me, absolutely refused to see me at mess. Colonel Craw sent me a letter to this effect, which I treated as it deserved. — I never once alluded to it in any way, and have since never spoken a single word to any man in the North Bungalays.

AUGUST. — DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS.

SEE, now, what life is; I have had ill-luck on ill-luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale; ay, and am very glad when anybody will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes?

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me, or I should most certainly have blown his brains out; *now* he is living in England, and is my relation; but, of course, I cut the fellow). Very soon after these painful

events another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and, instead of leaving five thousand pounds as I expected, at the very least, left only his estate, which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two thousand pounds in the hands of that eminent firm Messrs. Pump, Aldgate, and Co., which failed within six months after his demise, and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters; and, would you believe it? when the news came of Pump and Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to Heaven, and said, "Blessed be God, that we have still wherewithal to live; there are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty riches." And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms round her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with their embraces, and slobbered all over with their tears.

"Dearest mamma," said I, "I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it." The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own, as many of them have — a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by thirty pounds a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been nine hundred pounds clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practised — concealment too of *my*

money; so I turned on her pretty sharply, and continued my speech. "You say, ma'am, that you are rich, and that Pump and Aldgate's failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma'am — very happy that you *are* rich; and I should like to know where your property, my father's property, for you had none of your own, — I should like to know where this money lies — *where you have concealed it*, ma'am; and, permit me to say, that when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for eighty pounds a year, I did not know that you had *other* resources than those mentioned in my blessed father's will."

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them, for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows; and I've often since calculated that I had a clear twenty pounds a-year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. "What does he mean?" said Lucy to Eliza.

Mamma repeated the question, "My beloved Robert, what concealment are you talking of?"

"I am talking of concealed property, ma'am," says I sternly.

"And do you — what — can you — do you really suppose that I have concealed — any of that blessed sa-a-a-aint's prop-op-op-erty?" screams out mamma. "Robert," says she, "Bob, my own darling boy — my fondest, best beloved, now *he* is gone" (meaning my late governor — more tears), "you don't, you cannot fancy that your own mother, who bore you, and nursed you, and wept for you, and would give her all to save you

from a moment's harm — you don't suppose that she would che-e-e-eat you!" and here she gave a louder screech than ever, and flung back on the sofa, and one of my sisters went and tumbled into her arms, and t'other went round, and the kissing and slobbering scene went on again, only I was left out, thank goodness; I hate such sentimentality.

"*Che-e-e-eat me,*" says I, mocking her. "What do you mean, then, by saying you're so rich. Say, have you got money, or have you not?" (and I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact.)

"So help me, Heaven," says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees, and smacking her two hands; "I have but a Queen Anne's guinea in the whole of this wicked world."

"Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am, *beggars?*"

"My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still; and have you not great talents, which will make all our fortunes?" says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too* cool. "You have got a hundred a year, ma'am," says I, "you have got a house: upon my soul and honour this is the first I ever heard of it, and I'll tell you what, ma'am," says I (and it cut her *pretty sharply* too), "as you've got it, *you'd better go and live in it.* I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my own income."

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell — kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

* * * * *

I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak; going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study, and Eliza, the eldest, said, "Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas."

"She has," says I; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

"She says, John, that on Michaelmas day — we'll — we'll go away, John."

"O, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy? very good; she'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have too, for I'm going to sell the place myself;" and so *that* matter was settled.

* * * * *

On Michaelmas day, and during these two months, I hadn't, I do believe, seen my mother twice (once, about two o'clock in the morning, I woke and found her sobbing over my bed). On Michaelmas day morning, Eliza comes to me and says, "*John, they will come and fetch us at six this evening.*" Well, as this was the last day, I went and got the best goose I could find (I don't think I ever saw a primer, or ate more hearty myself), and had it roasted at three, with a good pudding afterwards; and a glorious bowl of punch. "Here's a health to you, dear girls," says I, "and you, ma, and good luck to all three, and as you've not eaten a morsel, I hope you won't object to a glass of punch. It's the old stuff, you know,

ma'am, that that Waters sent to my father fifteen years ago."

Six o'clock came, and with it came a fine barouche, as I live? Captain Waters was on the box (it was his coach); that old thief, Bates, jumped out, entered my house, and, before I could say Jack Robinson, whipped off mamma to the carriage, the girls followed, just giving me a hasty shake of the hand, and as mamma was helped in, Mary Waters, who was sitting inside, flung her arms round her, and then round the girls, and the Doctor, who acted footman, jumped on the box, and off they went; taking no more notice of *me* than if I'd been a nonentity.

Here's a picture of the whole business; — Mamma and Miss Waters are sitting kissing each other in the carriage, with the two girls in the back seat; Waters is driving (a precious bad driver he is too); and I'm standing at the garden door, and whistling. That old fool Mary Malowney is crying behind the garden gate; she went off next day along with the furniture; and I to get into that precious scrape which I shall mention next.

SEPTEMBER. — PLUCKING A GOOSE.

AFTER my papa's death, as he left me no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering-places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the departure of my dear parent, and her children, left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military-looking person; for though I had absolutely cut the old North Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Craw hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign), though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of Captain; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title, in a watering-place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrowgate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard-player; so much so, that in many of these towns, the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when strolling one day up the High Street, in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard, and elsewhere — no other, in fact, than Dobble. He, too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs; and was walking with a showy-looking, Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet, and a bird of Paradise — a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light-blue shoes. Three children, and a handsome footman, were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known, myself, at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobble, the son of the rich army-clothier, Dobble (Dobble, Hobbles, and Co., of Pall Mall); — the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, 'living quietly' at Leamington with her

children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper, so the fact is, that I myself went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money, and landed estates — ah! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and everybody was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day, and left a card for Dobbie, with a note: — he neither returned my visit, nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow, as before; and going up to him, very kindly seized him by the hand, and swore I was — as really was the case — charmed to see him. Dobbie hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared; but I gave him a frown, and said —

“What, Dobbie, my boy, don't you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher's daughters, ha?”

Dobbie gave a sickly kind of grin, and said, “Oh! ah! yes! It is — yes! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs.”

“An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobbie's, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him.”

Dobbie was obliged to take the hint; and Captain Stubbs was duly presented to Mrs. Manasseh; the lady was as gracious as possible: and when, at the end of the walk, we parted, she said, “she hoped Captain Dobbie would bring me to her apartments that evening, where she expected a few friends.” Everybody, you see, knows everybody at Leamington; and I, for my part, was well known as a retired officer of the army; who,

on his father's death, had come into seven thousand a year. Dobbie's arrival had been subsequent to mine, but putting up, as he did, at the Royal Hotel, and dining at the ordinary there with the widow, he had made his acquaintance before I had. I saw, however, that if I allowed him to talk about me, as he could, I should be compelled to give up all my hopes and pleasures at Leamington; and so I determined to be short with him. As soon as the lady had gone into the hotel, my friend Dobbie was for leaving me likewise; but I stopped him, and said, "Mr. Dobbie, I saw what you meant just now, you wanted to cut me, because, forsooth, I did not choose to fight a duel at Portsmouth; now look you, Dobbie, I am no hero, but I'm not such a coward as you — and you know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters; and *I will fight this time.*"

Not, perhaps, that I would: but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobbie to be as great a coward as ever lived: and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterwards. My words had their effect upon Dobbie, who stuttered, and looked red, and then declared, he never had the slightest intention of passing me by; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow, but that lady had a very capacious heart, and there were a number of other gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. "Look at that Mrs. Manasseh," said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too), sitting at dinner by me; "she is old, and ugly, and yet, because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her."

"She has money, has she?"

"Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children; I know it *for a fact*," said the strange gentleman. "I am in the law, and we, of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families amongst us are worth."

"Who was Mr. Manasseh?" said I.

"A man of enormous wealth — a tobacco-merchant — West Indies; a fellow of no birth, however; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear sir," whispered he, "she is always in love — now it is with that Captain Dobbie; last week it was somebody else — and it may be you next neck, if — ha! ha! ha! — you are disposed to enter the lists."

"I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money."

What did it matter to me, whether the woman was good or not, provided she was rich? My course was quite clear. I told Dobbie all that this gentleman had informed me, and, being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear *so* bad, that the poor fellow was quite frightened and fairly quitted the field. Ha! ha! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had *murdered* her last husband.

I played my game so well, thanks to the information that my friend the lawyer had given me, that in a month I had got the widow to show a most decided partiality for me; I sat by her at dinner, I drank with her at the Wells — I rode with her, I danced with her, and at a pic-nic to Kenilworth, where we drank a good deal of champagne, I actually popped the question, and was accepted. In another month, Robert Stubbs, Es., led to

the altar, Leah, widow of the late Z. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitt's!

* * * * *

We drove up to London in her comfortable chariot; the children and servants following in a post-chaise. I paid, of course, for everything; and until our house, in Berkeley Square, was painted, we stopped at Steven's Hotel.

* * * * *

My own estate had been sold, and the money was lying at a bank, in the city. About three days after our arrival, as we took our breakfast in the hotel, previous to a visit to Mrs. Stubbs's banker, where certain little transfers were to be made — a gentleman was introduced, who, I saw at a glance, was of my wife's persuasion.

He looked at Mrs. Stubbs, and made a bow. "Perhaps it will be convenient to you to pay this little bill, one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

"My love," says she, "will you pay this — it is a trifle which I had really forgotten." "My soul!" said I, "I have really not the money in the house."

"Vel, denn, Captain Shtubbsh," says he, "I must do my duty — and arrest you — here is the writ! Tom, keep the door!" — My wife fainted — the children screamed, and fancy my condition, as I was obliged to march off to a spunging-house, along with a horrid sheriff's officer!

OCTOBER. — MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION.

I SHALL not describe my feelings when I found myself in a cage, in Cursitor Street, instead of that fine house in Berkeley Square, which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a palace! — in an odious, dismal street, leading from Chancery Lane, — a hideous Jew boy opened the second of three doors and shut it when Mr. Nabb and I (almost fainting) had entered: then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced to a filthy place, called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back parlour, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkeley Square! Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I met at the table-d'hôte at Leamington, only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred and fifty pounds: and I had two thousand at my bankers'. But was the loss of *her* £ 80,000 nothing? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing? The accursed addition to my family of a Jewish wife, and three Jewish children nothing? And all these I was to support out of my two thousand pounds. I had better have stopped at home, with my mamma and sisters, whom I really did love, and who produced me eighty pounds a year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs; and when I charged her, the base wretch! with cheating me, like a brazen serpent, as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others? She only took me, she said, because I had twenty thousand pounds. I *had* said I possessed that sum; but in love, you know, and war, all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met; and I cordially vowed that when I had paid the debt into which I had been swindled by her, I would take my £ 2000, and depart to some desert island; or, at the very least, to America, and never see her more, or any of her Israelitish brood. There was no use in remaining in the spunging-house (for I knew that there were such things as detainers, and that where Mrs. Stubbs owed a hundred pounds, she might owe a thousand), so I sent for Mr. Nabb, and tendering him a cheque for £ 150, and his costs, requested to be let out forthwith. "Here, fellow," said I, "is a cheque on Child's for your paltry sum.

"It may be a sheek on Shild's," says Mr. Nabb, "but I should be a baby to let you out on such a paper as dat."

"Well," said I, "Child's is but a step from this; you may go and get the cash, — just give me an acknowledgment."

Nabb drew out the acknowledgment with great punctuality, and set off for the Bankers', whilst I prepared myself for departure from this abominable prison.

He smiled as he came in. "Well," said I, "you have touched your money; and now, I must tell you, that you are the most infernal rogue and extortioner I ever met with."

"O no, Mishter Shtubbsh," says he, grinning still, "dere is som greater roag dan me, — mosh greater."

"Fellow," said I, "don't stand grinning before a gentleman; but give me my hat and cloak, and let me leave your filthy den."

"Shtop, Shtubbsh," says he, not even Mistering me this time, "here ish a letter, vich you had better read."

I opened the letter; something fell to the ground: — it was my cheque.

The letter ran thus: "Messrs. Child and Co. present their compliments to Captain Stubbs, and regret that they have been obliged to refuse payment of the enclosed, having been served this day with an attachment by Messrs. Solomonson and Co., which compels them to retain Captain Stubb's balance of £ 2010 11 s. 6 d. until the decision of the suit of Solomonson v. Stubbs.

"Fleet Street."

"You see," says Mr. Nabb, as I read this dreadful letter, "you see, Shtubbsh, dere vas two debts, — a little von, and a big von. So dey arrested you for de little von, and attashed your money for de big von.

Don't laugh at me for telling this story; if you knew what tears are blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for weeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man, — a madman in the Fleet Prison, where I went instead of to the desert island. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept an eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and not like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander or give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand on my heart, and, thank Heaven, say, No! Why, why was I punished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months

— my wife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether — I remained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging her to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends turned their backs upon me. My action went against me — I had not a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and seized my two thousand pounds. As for the detainer against me, I was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But, fancy the malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my creditor for £ 3, with sixteen year's interest, at five per cent., for a PAIR OF TOP BOOTS. The old chief produced them in court, and told the whole story — Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping, and all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it "So Doctor Swishtail would not pay you for the boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"No; he said, ven I asked him for payment, dey was ordered by a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster."

"What, then, you came on a *bootless* errand, ay, sir?" (A laugh.)

"Bootless! no sare, I brought de boots back vid me; how de devil else could I shew dem to you?" (Another laugh.)

"You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Tickleshins?"

"I never would sell dem; I swore I never vood, on porpus to be revenged on dat Stobbs."

"What, your wound has never been *healed*, eh?"

"Vat do you mean vid your bootless errants, and your soling and healing? I tell you I have done vat I swore to do; I have exposed him at school, I have broak

off a marriage for him, ven he would have had twenty thousand pound, and now I have showed him up in a court of justice; dat is vat I ave done, and dat's enough." And then the old wretch went down, whilst everybody was giggling and staring at poor me — as if I was not miserable enough already.

"This seems the dearest pair of boots you ever had in your life, Mr. Stubbs," said Commissioner Dubobwig very archly, and then he began to inquire about the rest of my misfortunes.

In the fulness of my heart I told him the whole of them; how Mr. Solomonson the attorney had introduced me to the rich widow, Mrs. Manasseh, who had fifty thousand pounds, and an estate in the West Indies. How I was married, and arrested on coming to town, and cast in an action for two thousand pounds brought against me by this very Solomonson for my wife's debts.

"Stop," says a lawyer in the court, "Is this woman a showy black-haired woman with one eye? very often drunk, with three children — Solomonson, short, with red hair?"

"Exactly so," said I, with tears in my eyes.

"That woman has married *three men* within the last two years. One in Ireland, and one at Bath. A Solomonson is, I believe, her husband, and they both are off for America ten days ago."

"But why did you not keep your £ 2000?" said the lawyer.

"Sir, they attached it."

"O! well, we may pass you; you have been unlucky, Mr. Stubbs, but it seems as if the biter had been bit in this affair."

"No," said Mr. Dubobwig, "Mr. Stubbs is the victim of a FATAL ATTACHMENT."

NOVEMBER. — A GENERAL POST DELIVERY.

I WAS a free man when I went out of the Court; but I was a beggar — I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North-Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed, or a dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder and a rough voice which I knew well.

"Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my promise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin."

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast my eyes towards the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

"Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you, and noting vood do for you but a vife vid monny — ha, ha, but you vere de pigeon, and she vas de grow. She has plooked you, too, pretty vell — eh? ha! ha!"

"Oh, Mr. Stiffelkind," said I, "don't laugh at my misery; she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve, I do believe I shall starve." And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

"Starf! stoff and nonsense — you vill never die of starving — you vill die of *hanging*, I tink, ho! ho! and it is moch easier vay too." I didn't say a word, but cried on; till everybody in the street turned round and stared.

"Come, come," said Stiffelkind: "do not gry, Gaptain Stobbs — it is not goot for a Gaptain to cry, ha! ha! Dere — come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too, — vich shall gost you nothing, until you can bay vid your earnings."

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate towards me in my ill-luck; and took me home with him as he promised. "I saw your name among de Insolvents — and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere, now, it is done and forgotten, look you. Here Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife and fork; Lort Cornvallis is come to dine vid me."

I lived with this strange old man for six weeks. I kept his books, and did what little I could to make myself useful: carrying about boots and shoes, as if I had never borne his Majesty's commission. He gave me no money, but he fed and lodged me comfortably. The men and boys used to laugh, and call me General, and Lord Cornwallis, and all sorts of nick-names — and old Stiffelkind made a thousand new ones for me.

One day, I can recollect — one miserable day, as I was polishing on the trees a pair of boots of Mr. Stiffelkind's manufacture — the old gentlemen came into the shop, with a lady on his arm.

"Vere is Gaptain Stobbs," said he, "vere is dat ornament to his Majesty's service?"

I came in from the back shop, where I was polishing the boots, with one of them in my hand.

"Look, my dear," says he, "here is an old friend of yours, His Excellency Lort Cornvallis! — Who would have thought such a nobleman vood turn shoe-black? Gaptain Stobbs, here is your former flame, my dear

niece, Miss Grotty — how could you, Magdalen, ever leaf soch a lof of a man? Shake hands vid her, Gaptain: — dere never mind de blacking:" but Miss drew back.

"I never shake hands with a *shoe-black*," said she, mighty contemptuous.

"Bah! my lof, his fingers von't soil you, don't you know he has just been *vitevashed*?"

"I wish, uncle," says she, "you would not leave me with such low people."

"Low, because he cleans boots! de Gaptain prefers *pumps* to boots I tink, ha! ha!"

"Captain, indeed! a nice Captain," says Miss Crutty, snapping her fingers in my face, and walking away; "a Captain who has had his nose pulled! ha! ha!" — And how could I help it? it wasn't by my own *choice* that that ruffian Waters took such liberties with me; didn't I shew how averse I was to all quarrels by refusing altogether his challenge? — but such is the world: and thus the people at Stiffelkind's used to tease me until they drove me almost mad.

At last, he came home one day more merry and abusive than ever. "Gaptain," says he: "I have goot news for you — a goot place. Your lortship vil not be able to geep your garridge, but you vil be gomfortable, and serve his Majesty."

"Serve his Majesty," says I: "dearest Mr. Stiffel-kind, have you got me a place under Government?"

"Yes, and somting better still — not only a place but, a uniform — yes, Gabdain Stobbs, a *red goat*."

"A red coat! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army. I am a

gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind — I can never — no, I never.

"No, I know you will never — you are too great a goward, ha! ha! — though dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too, ha! ha! — do you gomprehend? — and you shall be a general, instead of a gabbain — ha! ha!"

"A general in a red coat! Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"Yes, a GENERAL BOSTMAN! ha! ha! I have been vid your old friend, Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post-office, and he has got you de place — eighteen shillings a-week, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any of de letters, you know."

And so it was — I, Robert Stubbs, Esquire, became the vile thing he named — a general postman!

* * * * *

I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever; that when I got my place in the Post-office, I never went near the fellow again — for though he had done me a favour in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and showed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North-Bungay Fencibles, was —

I wonder nobody recognised me. I lived in daily fear the first year: but, afterwards, grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter-carrier.

I was first in the Whitechapel district, where I stayed for nearly three years, when I was transferred to

Jermyn Street, and Duke Street — famous places for lodgings. I suppose I left a hundred letters at a house in the latter street, where lived some people who must have recognised me had they but once chanced to look at me.

You see, that when I left Sloffem, and set out in the gay world, my mamma had written to me a dozen times at least, but I never answered her, for I knew she wanted money, and I detest writing. Well, she stopped her letters, finding she could get none from me: — but when I was in the Fleet, as I told you, I wrote repeatedly to my dear mamma, and was not a little nettled at her refusing to notice me in my distress, which is the very time one most wants notice.

Stubbs is not an uncommon name; and though I saw Mrs. Stubbs on a little bright brass plate, in Duke Street, and delivered so many letters to the lodgers in her house, I never thought of asking who she was, or whether she was my relation, or not.

One day the young woman who took in the letters had not got change, and she called her mistress: — an old lady in a pope bonnet came out of the parlour, and put on her spectacles, and looked at the letter, and fumbled in her pocket for eightpence, and apologised to the postman for keeping him waiting; and when I said, "Never mind, ma'am, it's no trouble," the old lady gave a start, and then she pulled off her spectacles, and staggered back; and then she began muttering, as if about to choke; and then she gave a great screech, and flung herself into my arms, and roared out, "My son, my son!"

"Law, mamma," said I, "is that you?" and I sat down on the hall bench with her, and let her kiss me

as much as ever she liked. Hearing the whining and crying, down comes another lady from up stairs, — it was my sister Eliza; and down come the lodgers. And the maid gets water and what not, and I was the regular hero of the group. I could not stay long then, having my letters to deliver. But, in the evening, after mail-time, I went back to my mamma and sister; and, over a bottle of prime old port, and a precious good leg of boiled mutton and turnips, made myself pretty comfortable, I can tell you.

DECEMBER. — "THE WINTER OF OUR
DISCONTENT."

MAMMA had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years, I recollected some of the chairs and tables from dear old Squiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum-punch, the evening she went away, which she and my sisters left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Mary's luck! that chap, Waters, fell in love with her, and married her; and she now keeps her carriage, and lives in state near Squiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me. — He had the impudence, too, to say, that he took in all letters for mamma at Squiggle; and that as mine were all begging letters, he burned them, and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma fifty pounds

a-year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much; but the old lady was high and mighty, forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this fifty pounds she was going to refuse; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket-money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the fifty pounds for *my* share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the Captain, between them, gave mamma a hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure — much more than ever fell to *me*, I know), and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a-week, on an average; and the front parlour and attic made forty pounds more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic: but I took that, and they slept in the servants' bed-room. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a-week that way; so that we had got nearly two hundred a-year over the rent to keep house with, — and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing; my women didn't care for meat for days together sometimes, — so that it was only necessary to dress a good steak or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post-office. She said her dear John, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, and all that, should remain at home, and be a gentleman — which I was, certainly, though I didn't find fifty pounds a-year very much to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon; to be sure, mother found me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the

fifty pounds. She kicked a little at paying the washing too; but she gave in at last, for I was her dear John, you know; and I'm blest if I could not make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy! once she cut up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters sent her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was so *very* soft, the old lady!

* * * * *

I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself content with my fifty pounds a-year (*perhaps* I'd saved a little out of it; but that's neither here nor there). From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in the summer, when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not — never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs.

I never went to the public-house before meals; for, with my beggarly fifty pounds, I could not afford to dine away from home; but there I had my regular seat, and used to come home *pretty glorious*, I can tell you. Then bed till eleven; then breakfast and the newspaper; then a stroll in Hyde Park or St. James's; then home, at half-past three to dinner, when I jollied, as I call it, for the rest of the day. I was my mother's delight; and thus, with a clear conscience, I managed to live on.

* * * * *

How fond she was of me, to be sure! Being sociable myself, and loving to have my friends about me, we often used to assemble a company of as hearty fellows

as you would wish to sit down with, and keep the nights up royally. "Never mind, my boys," I used to say, "send the bottle round: mammy pays for all," as she did, sure enough: and sure enough we punished her cellar, too. The good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the world she had been my servant, instead of a lady and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her "dear Bob" in bed, and leading her a sad anxious life). She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice: and then with sister Lizzy, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear of such envious spite on my sister's part. "Her Bob" was always right, she said. At last Lizzy fairly retreated, and went to the Waters's. — I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night!

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging-house at last — for, somehow, things went wrong after my sister's departure — the nasty uncharitable people said, on account of *me*; because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking, and kicking up noises in the house; and because ma gave me so much of her money; — so she did, but if she *would* give it, you know, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

No such luck. The business I thought was to last for ever; but at the end of two years came a smash — shut up shop — sell off everything. Mamma went to

the Waters's: and, will you believe it? the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was *so* disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a-year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman? For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold cigars and pocket-handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been Director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, and about a month as a cad, when I was very low); I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire some very valuable information (about licensed victuallers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names); I've been very nearly an officer again — that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex: it was my last place.

On the last day of the year 1837, even *that* game was up. It's a thing that very seldom happened to a gentleman, to be kicked out of a spanging-house; but such was my case. Young Nabbs (who succeeded his father) drove me ignominiously from his door, because I had charged a gentleman in the coffee-rooms seven-and-sixpence for a glass of ale and bread and cheese, the charge of the house being only six shillings. He had the meanness to deduct the eightpence from my wages, and because I blustered a bit, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out — me, a gentleman, and, what is more, a poor orphan!

How I did rage and swear at him when I got out into the street! There stood he, the hideous Jew monster, at the double door, writhing under the effect of my

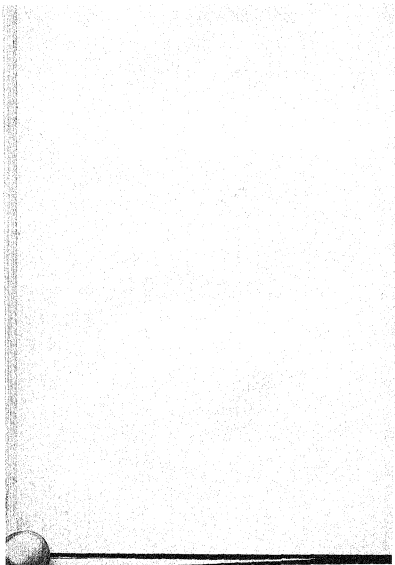
language. I had my revenge! Heads were thrust out of every bar of his windows, laughing at him. A crowd gathered round me, as I stood pounding him with my satire, and they evidently enjoyed his discomfiture. I think the mob would have pelted the ruffian to death (one or two of their missiles hit *me*, I can tell you), when a policeman came up, and, in reply to a gentleman, who was asking what was the disturbance, said, "Bless you, sir, it's Lord Cornwallis." "Move on, *Boots*," said the fellow to me, for, the fact is, my misfortunes and early life are pretty well known — and so the crowd dispersed.

"What could have made that policeman call you Lord Cornwallis and *Boots*?" said the gentleman, who seemed mightily amused, and had followed me. "Sir," says I, "I am an unfortunate officer of the North-Bungay Fencibles, and I'll tell you willingly for a pint of beer." He told me to follow him to his chambers in the Temple, which I did (a five pair back), and there, sure enough, I had the beer; and told him this very story you've been reading. You see he is what is called a literary man — and sold my adventures for me to the booksellers: he's a strange chap; and says they're *moral*.

* * * * *

I'm blest if *I* can see anything moral in them. I'm sure I ought to have been more lucky through life, being so very wide awake. And yet here I am, without a place, or even a friend, starving upon a beggarly twenty pounds a-year — not a single sixpence more, upon *my honour*.

BALLADS.



BALLADS.

THE KING OF BRENTFORD'S TESTAMENT.

The noble king of Brentford
Was old and very sick,
He summon'd his physicians
To wait upon him quick;
They stepp'd into their coaches
And brought their best physick.

They cramm'd their gracious master
With potion and with pill;
They drench'd him and they bled him:
They could not cure his ill.
"Go fetch," says he, "my lawyer,
I'd better make my will."

The monarch's royal mandate
The lawyer did obey;
The thought of six-and-eightpence,
Did make his heart full gay.
"What is't," says he, "your majesty
Would wish of me to-day?"

"The doctors have belabour'd me
With potion and with pill:
My hours of life are counted,
O man of tape and quill!
Sit down and mend a pen or two,
I want to make my will.

"O'er all the land of Brentford
I'm lord and eke of Kew:
I've three per cents and five per cents;
My debts are but a few;
And to inherit after me
I have but children two.

"Prince Thomas is my eldest son,
A sober prince is he,
And from the day we breech'd him
Till now, he's twenty-three,
He never caused disquiet
To his poor Mamma or me.

"At school they never flogg'd him,
At college though not fast,
Yet his little go, and great go
He creditably pass'd,
And made his year's allowance
For eighteen months to last.

"He never owed a shilling,
Went never drunk to bed,
He has not two ideas
Within his honest head —
In all respects he differs
From my second son, Prince Ned.

"When Tom has half his income
Laid by at the year's end,
Poor Ned has ne'er a stiver
That rightly he may spend,
But sponges on a tradesman,
Or borrows from a friend.

"While Tom his legal studies
Most soberly pursues,
Poor Ned must pass his mornings
A-dawdling with the Muse:
While Tom frequents his banker,
Young Ned frequents the Jews.

"Ned drives about in buggies,
Tom sometimes takes a 'bus;
Ah, cruel fate, why made you
My children differ thus?
Why make of Tom a *dullard*,
And Ned a *genius*?"

"You'll cut him with a shilling,"
Exclaimed the man of wits:
"I'll leave my wealth," said Brentford,
"Sir lawyer, as befits;
And portion both their fortunes
Unto their several wits."

"Your Grace knows best," the lawyer said,
"On your commands I wait."
"Be silent, Sir," says Brentford,
"A plague upon your prate!
Come, take your pen and paper,
And write as I dictate."

The will as Brentford spoke it
Was writ and signed and closed;
He bade the lawyer leave him,
And turn'd him round and dozed;
And next week in the churchyard
The good old King reposed.

Tom, dress'd in crape and hatband,
Of mourners was the chief;
In bitter self-upbraidings
Poor Edward showed his grief:
Tom hid his fat white countenance
In his pocket-handkerchief.

Ned's eyes were full of weeping,
He falter'd in his walk;
Tom never shed a tear,
But onwards he did stalk,
As pompous, black, and solemn,
As any catafalque.

And when the bones of Brentford —
That gentle king and just —
With bell and book and candle
Were duly laid in dust,
"Now, gentlemen," says Thomas,
"Let business be discussed.

"When late our sire beloved
Was taken deadly ill,
Sir Lawyer, you attended him
(I mean to tax your bill);
And, as you signed and wrote it,
I pry'three read the will."

The lawyer wiped his spectacles,
And drew the parchment out;
And all the Brentford family
Sate eager round about:
Poor Ned was somewhat anxious,
But Tom had ne'er a doubt.

"My son, as I make ready
To seek my last long home,
Some cares I had for Neddy,
But none for thee, my Tom:
Sobriety and order
You ne'er departed from.

"Ned hath a brilliant genius,
And thou a plodding brain;
On thee I think with pleasure,
On him with doubt and pain."
("You see, good Ned," says Thomas,
"What he thought about us twain.")

"Though small was your allowance,
You saved a little store;
And those who save a little
Shall get a plenty more."
As the lawyer read this compliment,
Tom's eyes were running o'er.

"The tortoise and the hare, Tom,
Set out, at each his pace;
The hare it was the fleetest,
The tortoise won the race;
And since the world's beginning
This ever was the case.

"Ned's genius, blythe and singing,
Steps gaily o'er the ground;
As steadily you trudge it
He clears it with a bound;
But dullness has stout legs, Tom,
And wind that's wondrous sound.

"O'er fruits and flowers alike, Tom,
You pass with plodding feet;
You heed not one nor t'other,
But onwards go your beat,
While genius stops to loiter
With all that he may meet;

"And ever as he wanders,
Will have a pretext fine
For sleeping in the morning,
Or loitering to dine,
Or dozing in the shade,
Or basking in the shine.

Your little steady eyes, Tom,
Though not so bright as those
That restless round about him
Your flashing genius throws,
Are excellently suited
To look before your nose.

"Thank heaven, then, for the blinkers
It placed before your eyes;
The stupidest are weakest,
The witty are not wise;
Oh, bless your good stupidity,
It is your dearest prize!

"And though my lands are wide,
And plenty is my gold,
Still better gifts from Nature,
My Thomas, do you hold —
A brain that's thick and heavy,
A heart that's dull and cold.

"Too dull to feel depression,
Too hard to heed distress,
Too cold to yield to passion
Or silly tenderness.
March on — your road is open
To wealth, Tom, and success.

"Ned sinneth in extravagance,
And you in greedy lust."
("I faith," says Ned, "our father
Is less polite than just.")
"In you, son Tom, I've confidence
But Ned I cannot trust.

"Wherefore my lease and copyholds,
My lands and tenements,
My parks, my farms, and orchards,
My houses and my rents,
My Dutch stock and my Spanish stock,
My five and three per cents;

"I leave to you, my Thomas."
("What all?" poor Edward said;
"Well, well, I should have spent them,
And Tom's a prudent head")
"I leave to you, my Thomas, —
To you IN TRUST for Ned."

The wrath and consternation
What poet e'er could trace
That at this fatal passage
Came o'er Prince Tom his face;
The wonder of the company,
And honest Ned's amaze!

"'T is surely some mistake,"
Good-naturedly cries Ned;
The lawyer answered gravely,
"'T is even as I said;
'T was thus his gracious majesty
Ordain'd on his death-bed.

"See, here the will is witness'd,
And here's his autograph;"
"In truth, our father's writing,"
Says Edward, with a laugh;
"But thou shalt not be a loser, Tom
We'll share it half and half."

"Alas! my kind young gentleman,
This sharing cannot be;
'T is written in the testament
That Brentford spoke to me,
'I do forbid Prince Ned to give
Prince Tom a halfpenny.

"He hath a store of money,
But ne'er was known to lend it;
He never help'd his brother;
The poor he ne'er befriended;
He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.

"Poor Edward knows but how to spend,
And thrifty Tom to hoard;
Let Thomas be the steward then,
And Edward be the lord;
And as the honest labourer
Is worthy his reward,

"I pray Prince Ned, my second son,
And my successor dear,
To pay to his intendant
Five hundred pounds a year;
And to think of his old father,
And live and make good cheer."

Such was old Brentford's honest testament,
He did devise his moneys for the best,
And lies in Brentford church in peaceful rest.
Prince Edward lived, and money made and spent;
But his good sire was wrong, it is confess'd,
To say his son, young Thomas, never lent.
He did. Young Thomas lent at interest,
And nobly took his twenty-five per cent.

Long time the famous reign of Ned endured
O'er Chiswick, Fulham, Brentford, Putney, Kew;
But of extravagance he ne'er was cured.
And when both died, as mortal men will do,
'T was commonly reported that the steward
Was very much the richer of the two.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

Ox deck, beneath the awning,
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the grey of dawning,
Ere yet the sun arose;
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring
With universal nose.
I could hear the passengers snorting —
I envied their disporting —
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight,
And the glimmer of the skylight,
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
In our jovial floating prison
There was sleep from fore to mizen,
And never a star had risen
The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harboured;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —
Jews black, and brown, and gray;
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did nought but scratch and pray:
Their dirty children puking —
Their dirty saucepans cooking —
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were —
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were —
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff away;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Iberia* bowling
Before the break of day —

When a SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;

And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;
And the rushing water soaks all,
From the seamen in the fo'ksal,
To the stokers whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places;
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awaken,
Most pitifully shaken;
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them;

And they call in their emergence
Upon countless saints in virgins;
And their marrowbones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.

And the Turkish women for'ard
Were frightened and behorr'd;
And shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children;
The men sung "Allah! Illah!
Mashallah Bismillah!"

As the warring waters doused them;
And splashed them and soused them;
And they called upon the Prophet,
And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up
(I wot those greasy Rabbins
Would never pay for cabins);
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stenches.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'ercame us,

And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
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His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
In woe and lamentation,
And howling consternation.
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches;
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
Which latterly o'creame us,

And which all will well remember
On the 28th September;
When a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
By that wild squall admonished,
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's tussle,
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter;
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gaily he fought her,
And through the hubbub brought her,
And as the tempest caught her,
Cried "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY AND WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

RIDING from Coleraine
 (Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
 Unto Derry city;
Weary was his soul,
 Shivering and sad, he
Bumped along the road
 Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch 'd around,
 Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
 Made a dismal clinting;
Wind upon the heath
 Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
 Black with many a snipe in;
'Mid the bogs of black,
 Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
 Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
 Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
 Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake, and shores and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw,
Bleeding on his shoulder.
"Where are horses changed?"
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the boy:
"Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome —
To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.
To the chimney nook,
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens;

(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
Which bubbles with the murphies);
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter,
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier nor fatter);
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have — Here the host
Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze,
With the sleet and hail, sir,
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor,
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gads! I didn't know
What my beating heart meant,
Hebe's self I thought
Entered the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,

On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsey neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it:
Spilt it every drop,
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word),
On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal,
'Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was,)
That the joyful sound
Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;

You who ever heard
 Caradori pretty,
 Smiling like an angel,
 Singing "Giovinetti,"
 Fancy Peggy's laugh,
 Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
 At my pantaloons
 With half a pint of beer fall!

When the laugh was done,
 Peg, the pretty hussy,
 Moved about the room
 Wonderfully busy;
 Now she looks to see
 If the kettle keep hot;
 Now she rubs the spoons,
 Now she cleans the tea-pot,
 Now she sets the cups
 Trimly and secure;
 Now she scours a pot,
 And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
 Scouring of a kettle,
 (Faith! her blushing cheeks
 Redden'd on the metal!)
 Ah! but 'tis in vain
 That I try to sketch it;
 The pot perhaps is like,
 But Peggy's face is wretched.
 No the best of lead,
 And of Indian rubber,

Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves!
Scarcely the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
Ankles like to Peggy's;
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably boddiced.

This I do declare,
Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
Of Peg of Limavaddy;
Married if she were,
Blest would be the daddy,
Of the children fair
Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
In the land of Paddy,
Fair beyond compare
Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
Tory, Whig, or Radi-
cal would all desire
Peg of Limavaddy.

Had I Homer's fire,
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

MAY-DAY ODE.

But yesterday a naked sod,
The dandies sneered from Rotten Row,
And cantered o'er it to and fro;
And see 'tis done!
As though 'twere by a wizard's rod
A blazing arch of lucid glass
Leaps like a fountain from the grass
To meet the sun!

A quiet green but few days since,
With cattle browsing in the shade,
And here are lines of bright arcade
In order raised!

A palace as for fairy Prince,
A rare pavilion, such as man
Saw never, since mankind began
And built and glazed!

A peaceful place it was but now,
And lo! within its shining streets
A multitude of nations meets;
A countless throng,
I see beneath the crystal bow,
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,
Each with his native handiwork
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth
Praising our God with solemn mirth
And one consent."

High sovereign, in your Royal state,
Captains, and chiefs, and counsellors,
Before the lofty palace doors
Are open set;
Hush! ere you pass the shining gate;
Hush! ere the heaving curtain draws,
And let the Royal pageant pause
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep!
Bow coronet and kingly crown,
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,
The while the priest,
Before the splendid portal step,
(While still the wondrous banquet stays.)
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march;
Then let the loud artillery roll,
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,
And pass the gate.

Pass underneath the shining arch,
 'Neath which the leafy elms are green;
Ascend unto your throne, O queen!
 And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place;
 A gentle lady; and the hand
 That sways the sceptre of this land,
 How frail and weak!
Soft is the voice, and fair the face,
 She breathes amen to prayer and hymn;
 No wonder that her eyes are dim,
 And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores
 The winds of Austral winter sweep,
 And thousands lie in midnight sleep
 At rest to day.
O! awful is that crown of yours,
 Queen of innumerable realms,
 Sitting beneath the budding elms
 Of English May!

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,
 Strange mystery of God which set
 Upon her brow yon coronet,
 The foremost crown
Of all the world, on one so fair!
 That chose her to it from her birth,
 And bade the sons of all the earth
 To her bow down.

The representatives of man
 Here from the far Antipodes,
 And from the subject Indian seas
 In Congress meet;
 From Afric and from Hindustan,
 From Western continent and isle,
 The envoys of her empire pile
 Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
 Loading the gallant decks which once
 Roared a defiance to our guns,
 With peaceful store;
 Symbol of peace, their vessel rides! *
 O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
 And firm their friendly anchors gripe
 The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
 As rivers from their sources gush,
 The swelling floods of nations rush,
 And seaward pour:
 From coast to coast in friendly chain,
 With countless ships we bridge the straits,
 And angry ocean separates
 Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile —
 From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
 In England's ark assembled thus
 Are friend and guest.

* The U. S. frigate St. Lawrence.

Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast!

Along the dazzling colonnade,
Far as the straining eye can gaze,
Gleam cross and fountain, bell and vase,
In vistas bright.
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And steeds and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful hosts of industry
Their standards bear.
Yon are the works of Brahmin loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head,
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil;
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war:
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
The people hum from floor to roof,
With Babel tongue.
The fountain in the basin plays,
The chanting organ echoes clear,
An awful chorus 'tis to hear,
A wondrous song!

Swell organ, swell, your trumpet blast,
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall:
And see! above the fabric vast,
God's boundless Heaven is bending blue,
God's peaceful sunlight's beaming through,
And shines o'er all.

May, 1851.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields;
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffern,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace;
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.

And Cordelier or Benedictine

Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?

Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-checked *écaille* is
Still opening oysters at the door.

Is TERRÉ still alive and able?

I recollect his droll grimace;
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hoped you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter — nothing's changed or older.

"How's Monsieur TERRÉ, Waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder —
"Monsieur is dead this many a day."

"It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest TERRÉ's run his race."

"What will Monsieur require for dinner?"

"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"Oh, oui, Monsieur," 's the waiter's answer;

"Quel vin Monsieur desire-t-il?"

"Tell me a good one." — "That I can, Sir:

The Chambertin with yellow seal."

"So TERRÉ'S gone," I say, and sink in

My old accusom'd corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse."

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is,
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *Cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty,
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, Waiter! quick, a flagon crusty —
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing TOM is laughing yet;
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;
There's poor old FRED in the Gazette;
On JAMES's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the Claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place — but not alone.

A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
— There's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.

Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;

And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.

— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short —
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;

Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see,
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup. —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to night,
Round the old tree.

THE YANKEE VOLUNTEERS.

"A surgeon of the United States army says, that on inquiring of the Captain of his company, he found that *nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some female difficulty." — *Morning Paper*.

Ye Yankee volunteers!
It makes my bosom bleed
When I your story read,
 Though oft 'tis told one.
So — in both hemispheres
The women are untrue,
And cruel in the New,
 As in the Old one!

What — in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
 With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
 This Hope Forlorn?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipp'd her wicked chains,
 Fled and out-ran her.

And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
embroider'd banner!

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizen'd fine
And swords gold-hilted —
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon colour-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes —
Has each been jilted?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"
The fifer nimble —
Lientenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal —

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin?
O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tattooing.

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
 As bold as Roman —
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The Conqueror of you all,
 Is Woman, Woman!

No corslet is so proof,
But through it from her bow,
The shafts that she can throw
 Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But's in the struggle thrown,
And tripp'd and trodden down
 By her slim ancle.

Thus, always it was ruled,
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
 The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befoo'd:
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long, ere you were born,
 Poor Yankee Doodle!

THE PEN AND THE ALBUM.

"I AM Miss Catherine's book" (the Album speaks);
"I've lain among your tomes these many weeks;
I'm tired of their old coats and yellow cheeks.

Quick, Pen! and write a line with a good grace;
Come! draw me off a funny little face;
And, prithee, send me back to Chesham Place."

PEN.

I am my master's faithful old Gold Pen;
I've served him three long years, and drawn since then
Thousands of funny women and droll men.

O Album! could I tell you all his ways
And thoughts, since I am his, these thousand days,
Lord, how your pretty pages I'd amaze!

ALBUM.

His ways? his thoughts? Just whisper me a few;
Tell me a curious anecdote two,
And write 'em quickly off, good Mordan, do!

PEN.

Since he my faithful service did engage
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
I've drawn and written many a line and page.

Caricatures I scribbled have, and rhymes,
And dinner-cards, and picture pantomimes,
And merry little children's books at times.

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
The idle word that he'd wish back again.

* * * * *

I've help'd him to pen many a line for bread;
To joke, with sorrow aching in his head;
And make your laughter when his own heart bled.

I've spoke with men of all degree and sort —
Peers of the land, and ladies of the Court;
Oh, but I've chronicled a deal of sport!

Feasts that were ate a thousand days ago,
Biddings to wine that long hath ceased to flow,
Gay meetings with good fellows long laid low;

Summons to bridal, banquet, burial, ball,
Tradesman's polite reminders of his small
Account due Christmas last — I've answer'd all.

Poor Diddler's tenth petition for a half-
Guinea; Miss Bunyan's for an autograph;
So I refuse, accept, lament, or laugh,

Condole, congratulate, invite, praise, scoff,
Day after day still dipping in my trough,
And scribbling pages after pages off.

Day after day the labour's to be done,
And sure as comes the postman and the sun,
The indefatigable ink must run.

* * * *

Go back, my pretty little gilded tome,
To a fair mistress and a pleasant home,
Where soft hearts greet us whensoe'er we come!

Dear, friendly eyes, with constant kindness lit,
However rude my verse, or poor my wit,
Or sad or gay my mood, you welcome it.

Kind lady! till my last of lines is penn'd,
My master's love, grief, laughter, at an end,
Whene'er I write your name, may I write friend!

Not all are so that were so in past years;
Voices, familiar once, no more he hears;
Names, often writ, are blotted out in tears.

So be it: — joys will end and tears will dry
Album! my master bids me wish good-bye,
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

And thus with thankful heart he closes you;
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie.

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

SEVENTEEN rose-buds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair, and symboling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

'Types of youth and love and hope!
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope!
Gentle nursing, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.
And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

IN tatter'd old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks,
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all crack'd,)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-back'd;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 't is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 't is wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'T is a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'T is a bandy-legg'd, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old arms!
I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair;
I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sate there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone —
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

PISCATOR AND PISCATRIX.

LINES WRITTEN TO AN ALBUM PRINT.

As on this pictured page I look,
This pretty tale of line and hook,
As though it were a novel-book
Amuses and engages:
I know them both, the boy and girl;
She is the daughter of the Earl,
The lad (that has his hair in curl),
My lord the County's page is.

A pleasant place for such a pair!
The fields lie basking in the glare;
No breath of wind the heavy air
Of lazy summer quickens.

Hard by you see the castle tall;
The village nestles round the wall,
As round about the hen its small
Young progeny of chickens.

It is too hot to pace the keep;
To climb the turret is too steep;
My lord the Earl is dozing deep,
His noonday dinner over;
The postern-warder is asleep;
(Perhaps they've bribed him not to peep)
And so from out the gate they creep,
And cross the fields of clover.

Their lines into the brook they launch;
He lays his cloak upon a branch,
To guarantee his Lady Blanche
's delicate complexion:
He takes his rapier from his haunch,
That beardless doughty champion staunch;
He'd drill it through the rival's paunch
That question'd his affection!

O, heedless pair of sportsmen slack!
You never mark, though trout or jack,
Or little foolish tickleback,
Your baited snares may capture.
What care has *she* for line and hook?
She turns her back upon the brook,
Upon her lover's eyes to look
In sentimental rapture.

O loving pair! as thus I gaze
 Upon the girl who smiles always,
 The little hand that ever plays
 Upon the lover's shoulder;
 In looking at your pretty shapes,
 A sort of envious wish escapes
 (Such as the Fox had for the Grapes)
 The poet your beholder.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two;
 With nothing else on earth to do,
 But all day long to bill and coo;
 It were a pleasant calling.
 And had I such a partner sweet;
 A tender heart for mine to beat,
 A gentle hand my clasp to meet; —
 I'd let the world flow at my feet,
 And never heed its brawling.

RONSARD TO HIS MISTRESS.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir à la chandelle
 Assise auprès du feu devinant et flant
 Direz, chantant mes vers en vous esmerveillant,
 Ronsard m'a célébré du temps que j'étois belle."

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
 Beside the fagot in the hall,
 I think I see you sit and spin,
 Surrounded by your maidens all.

Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And, as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair;
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair;
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those!
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 't is time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
 Of times I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
 And noise and humming:
They've hush'd the Minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell:
 She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
 And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes — she's here — she's past —
 May Heaven go with her!

Kneel, undisturb'd, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
 Meekly and duly;

I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes, —
Wait till you come to Forty Year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Berne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

THE LAST OF MAY.

(IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION DATED ON THE 1st.)

By fate's benevolent award,
Should I survive the day,
I'll drink a bumper with my lord
Upon the last of May.

That I may reach that happy time
The kindly gods I pray,
For are not ducks and peas in prime
Upon the last of May?

At thirty boards, 'twixt now and then,
My knife and fork shall play,
But better wine and better men
I shall not meet in May.

And though, good friend, with whom I dine,
Your honest head is grey;
And, like this grizzled head of mine,
Has seen its last of May;

Yet, with a heart that's ever kind,
A gentle spirit gay,
You've spring perennial in your mind,
And round you make a May!

LOVE SONGS MADE EASY.

WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW?

THE MAY-FAIR LOVE SONG.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,
I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corner
looks into St. James's Park.
I hear the foot-guards' bugle horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn,
I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
I find are stale, and dull, and slow;
And yesterday, when work was done,
I felt myself so sad and low,
I could have seized a sentry's gun
My wearied brains out out to blow.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt, perhaps?
Some one has paid my tailor's bill?
No: every morn the tailor raps;
My I O U's are extant still.

I still am prey of debt and dun;
My elder brother's stout and well.
What is it makes my blood to run,
What makes my heart to glow and swell!

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
Right Honourable Edmund Burke!
My chance of all promotion's gone,
I know it is, — he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
There is no change, there is no cause;
My office-time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the clubs,
And yawned and saunter'd to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a cant-
er down by dear, old Belton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old Jawkins pleasant at the club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub?
What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaço?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again! she's home, she's home!
Away all cares and griefs and pain;
I knew she would — she's back from Rome;
She's home again! she's home again!
"The family's gone abroad," they said,
September last — they told me so;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood, I think's forgot to flow.

She's home again! away all care!
O fairest form the world can show!
O beaming eyes! O golden hair!
O tender voice, that breathes so low!
O gentlest, softest, purest heart!
O joy, O hope! — "My tiger, ho!"
Fitz-Clarence said; we saw him start —
He galloped down to Bolton Row.

THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE-SONG.

THE ROCKS.

I was a timid little antelope;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty in the summer-heat;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

Zuleikah brought me water from the well;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

THE MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAH! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah! I am a merry bard.

THE CAIQUE.

YONDER to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caïque.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sun-burnt cheek,
Quick! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak!

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
But looked upon the Rose;
And in the garden where the loved one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there's one in this caïque
The Rose would also seek,
So he might learn like you to love and speak."
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
"The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on Leilah's cheek."

FOUR GERMAN DITTIES.

A TRAGIC STORY.

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMisso.

"— 's war Eiser, dem's zu Herzen gieng."

THERE lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "the mystery I've found, —
I'll turn me round," — he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain — it mattered not a pin, —
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

THE CHAPLET.

FROM UMLAND.

"Es pflückte Blümlein mannigfalt."

A LITTLE girl through field and wood
Went plucking flowrets here and there,
When suddenly beside her stood
A lady wondrous fair!

The lovely lady smiled, and laid
A wreath upon the maiden's brow;
"Wear it, 'twill blossom soon," she said,
"Although 'tis leafless now."

The little maiden older grew
And wandered forth of moonlight eves,
And sighed and loved as maids will do;
When, lo! her wreath bore leaves.

Then was our maid a wife, and hung
Upon a joyful bridegroom's bosom;
When from the garland's leaves there sprung
Fair store of blossom.

And presently a baby fair
Upon her gentle breast she reared;
When midst the wreath that bound her hair,
Rich golden fruit appeared.

But when her love lay cold in death,
Sunk in the black and silent tomb,
All sere and withered was the wreath
That wont so bright to bloom.

Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
She wore it at her dying hour;
When, lo! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf, and fruit, and flower!

THE KING ON THE TOWER.

UNLAND.

"Da liegen sie alle, die grauen Höhen."

The cold gray hills they bind me around,
The darksome valleys lie sleeping below,
But the winds as they pass o'er all this ground,
Bring me never a sound of wo!

Oh! for all I have suffered and striven,
Care has embittered my cup and my feast;
But here is the night and the dark blue heaven,
And my soul shall be at rest.

O golden legends writ in the skies!
I turn towards you with longing soul,
And list to the awful harmonies
Of the Spheres as on they roll.

My hair is gray and my sight nigh gone;
My sword it rusteth upon the wall;
Right have I spoken, and right have I done:
When shall I rest me once for all?

O blessed rest! O royal night!
Wherefore seemeth the time so long
Till I see yon stars in their fullest light,
And list to their loudest song?

TO A VERY OLD WOMAN.

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

"Und Du gingst einst, die Myrt' im Haare."

AND thou wert once a maiden fair,
A blushing virgin, warm and young,
With myrtles wreathed in golden hair,
And glossy brow that knew no care —
Upon a bridegroom's arm you hung.

The golden locks are silvered now,
The blushing cheek is pale and wan;
The spring may bloom, the autumn glow,
All's one — in chimney corner thou
Sitt'st shivering on. —

A moment — and thou sink'st to rest!
To wake, perhaps an angel blest,
In the bright presence of thy Lord.
Oh, weary is life's path to all!
Hard is the strife, and light the fall,
But wondrous the reward!

IMITATION OF HORACE.

TO HIS SERVING BOY.

Persicos odi,
Puer, apparatus;
Displicent nexæ
Philyræ coronæ:
Mitte sectari
Rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto
Nihil allabores
Sedulus cura:
Neque te ministrum
Dedecet myrtus,
Neque me sub arcâ
Vite bibentem.

AD MINISTRAM.

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is, —
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.

No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I pr'ythee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.*

THE KNIGHTLY GUERDON.

UNTRUE to my Ulric I never could be,
I vow by the saints and the blessed Marie.
Since the desolate hour when we stood by the shore,
And your dark galley waited to carry you o'er,
My faith then I plighted, my love I confess'd,
As I gave you the BATTLE-AXE marked with your crest!

* WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

"Your Molly has never been false she declares,
Since the last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;
When I said that I would continue the same,
And gave you the 'bacco-box marked with my name.
When I passed a whole fortnight between decks with you,
Did I e'er give a kiss, Tom, to one of your crew?
To be useful and kind to my Thomas I stay'd,
For his trowsers I washed, and his grog too I made.

"Though you promised last Sunday to walk in the Mall
With Susan from Deptford and likewise with Sall,
In silence I stood your unkindness to bear,
And only upbraided my Tom with a tear.
Why should Sall, or should Susan, than me be more prized?
For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised;
Then be constant and kind, nor your Molly forsake,
Still your trowsers I'll wash and your grog too I'll make."

When the bold barons met in my father's old hall,
Was not Edith the flower of the banquet and ball?
In the festival hour, on the lips of your bride,
Was there ever a smile save with **THEE** at my side?
Alone in my turret I loved to sit best,
To blazon your **BANNER** and broider your crest.

The knights were assembled, the tourney was gay!
Sir Ulric rode first in the warrior-mêlée.
In the dire battle-hour, when the tourney was done,
And you gave to another the wreath you had won!
Though I never reproached thee, cold, cold was my breast,
As I thought of that **BATTLE-AXE**, ah! and that crest!

But away with remembrance, no more will I pine
That others usurped for a time what was mine!
There's a **FESTIVAL HOUR** for my Ulric and me;
Once more, as of old, shall he bend at my knee;
Once more by the side of the knight I love best
Shall I blazon his **BANNER** and broider his crest.

THE ALMACK'S ADIEU.

Your Fanny was never false-hearted,
And this she protests and she vows,
From the *triste moment* when we parted
On the staircase of Devonshire House!
I blushed when you asked me to marry,
I vowed I would never forget;
And at parting I gave my dear Harry
A beautiful vinegarotte!

We spent *en province* all December,
And I ne'er condescended to look
At Sir Charles, or the rich county member,
Or even at that darling old Duke.
You were busy with dogs and with horses,
Alone in my chamber I sat,
And made you the nicest of purses,
And the smartest black satin cravat!

At night with that vile Lady Frances
(*Je faisais moi tapisserie*)
You danced every one of the dances,
And never once thought of poor me!
Mon pauvre petit cœur! what a shiver
I felt as she danced the last set,
And you gave, oh, mon Dieu! to revive her
My beautiful *vinegarette!*

Return, love! away with coquetting;
This flirting disgraces a man!
And ah! all the while you're forgetting
The heart of your poor little Fan!
Reviens! break away from those Circes,
Reviens, for a nice little chat;
And I've made you the sweetest of purses,
And a lovely black satin cravat!

THE LEGEND OF ST. SOPHIA OF KIOFF.

AN EPIC POEM, IN TWENTY BOOKS.

I.

A THOUSAND years ago, or more,
A city filled with burghers stout,
And girt with ramparts round about,
Stood on the rocky Dnieper shore.
In armour bright, by day and night,
The sentries they paced to and fro.
Well guarded and walled was this town, and called
By different names, I'd have you to know;
For if you looks in the g'ography books,
In those dictionaries the name it varies
And they write it off Kieff or Kioff,
Kiova or Kiow.

II.

Thus guarded without by wall and redoubt,
Kiova within was a place of renown,
With more advantages than in those dark ages
Were commonly known to belong to a town.
There were places and squares, and each year four fairs,
And regular aldermen and regular lord mayors;
And streets, and alleys, and a bishop's palace;

And a church with clocks for the orthodox —
With clocks and with spires, as religion desires;
And beadles to whip the bad little boys
Over their poor little corduroys,
In service-time, when they *didn't* make a noise;
And a chapter and dean, and a cathedral-green
With ancient trees, underneath whole shades
Wandered nice young nursery-maids.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-ding-a-ring-ding,
The bells they made a merry, merry ring,
From the tall tall steeple; and all the people
(Except the Jews) came and filled the pews —
Poles, Russians and Germans,
To hear the sermons
Which HYACINTH preached to those Germans and Poles,
For the safety of their souls.

III.

A worthy priest he was and a stout —
You've seldom looked on such a one;
For, though he fasted thrice in a week,
Yet nevertheless his skin was sleek;
His waist it spanned two yards about
And he weighed a score of stone.

IV.

A worthy priest for fasting and prayer
And mortification most deserving,
And as for preaching beyond compare;
He'd exert his powers for three or four hours,
With greater pith than Sidney Smith
Or the Reverend Edward Irving.

V.

He was the prior of Saint Sophia
(A Cockney rhyme, but no better I know) —
Of St. Sophia, that Church in Kiow,
Built by missionaries I can't tell when;
Who by their discussions converted the Russians,
And made them Christian men.

VI.

Sainted Sophia (so the legend vows)
With special favor did regard this house;
And to uphold her converts' new devotion,
Her statue needing but her legs for *her* ship)
Walks of itself across the German ocean;
And of a sudden perches
In this the best of churches,
Whither all Kiovites come and pay it grateful worship.

VII.

Thus with her patron-saints and pious preachers
Recorded here in catalogue precise,
A goodly city, worthy magistrates,
You would have thought in all the Russian states
The citizens the happiest of all creatures, —
The town itself a perfect Paradise.

VIII.

No, alas! this well-built city
Was in a perpetual fidget;
For the Tartars, without pity,
Did remorselessly besiege it.

Tartars fierce, with sword and sabres,
Huns and Turks, and such as these,
Envied much their peaceful neighbours
By the blue Borysthenes.

Down they came these ruthless Russians,
From their steppes, and woods, and fens,
For to levy contributions
On the peaceful citizens.

Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn,
Down they came to peaceful Kioff,
Killed the burghers when they caught 'em,
If their lives they would not buy off.

Till the city, quite confounded
By the ravages they made,
Humbly with their chief compounded,
And a yearly tribute paid;

Which (because their courage lax was)
They discharged while they were able:
Tolerated thus the tax was,
Till it grew intolerable.

And the Calmuc envoy sent,
As before, to take their ducs all,
Got, to his astonishment,
A unanimous refusal!

"Men of Kioff!" thus courageous
Did the stout lord-mayor harangue them,
"Wherefore pay these sneaking wages
To the hectoring Russians? hang them!

"Hark! I hear the awful cry of
Our forefathers in their graves;
'Fight, ye citizens of Kioff!
Kioff was not made for slaves.'

"All too long have ye betrayed her;
Rouse ye men and aldermen,
Send the insolent invader —
Send him starving back again;"

IX.

He spoke and he sat down; the people of the town,
Who were fired with a brave emulation,
Now rose with one accord, and voted thanks unto the lord-
Mayor for his oration:

The envoy they dismissed, never placing in his fist
So much as a single shilling;
And all with courage fired, as his lordship he desired,
At once set about their drilling.

Then every city ward established a guard,
Diurnal and nocturnal:
Militia volunteers, light dragoons, and bombardiers,
With an alderman for colonel.

There was muster and roll-calls, and repairing city walls,
And filling up of fosses:
And the captains and the majors, so gallant and courageous,
A-riding about on their horses.

To be guarded at all hours they built themselves watch-towers,

With every tower a man on;
And surely and secure, each from out his embrasure,
Looked down the iron cannon!

A battle-song was writ for the theatre, where it
Was sung with vast énérgy
And rapturous applause; and besides, the public cause
Was supported by the clergy.

The pretty ladies' maids were pinning of cockades,
And tying on of sashes;
And dropping gentle tears, while their lovers bluster'd
fierce,
About gun-shot and gashes;

The ladies took the hint, and all day were scraping
lint
As became their softer genders;
And got bandages and beds for the limbs and for the
heads
Of the city's brave defenders.

The men, both young and old, felt resolute and bold,
And panted hot for glory;
Even the tailors 'gan to brag, and embroidered on their
flag,
"AUT WINCERE AUT MORI."

x.

Seeing the city's resolute condition,
The Cossack chief, too cunning to despise it,

Said to himself, "Not having ammunition
Wherewith to batter the place in proper form,
Some of these nights I'll carry it by storm,
And sudden escalate it or surprise it.

"Let's see, however, if the city stand firmish."

He rode up to the city-gates; for answers,
Out rushed an eager troop of the town *élite*,
And straightway did begin a gallant skirmish:
The Cossack hereupon did sound retreat,
Leaving the victory with the city lancers.

They took two prisoners and as many horses,
And the whole town grew quickly so elate
With this small victory of their virgin forces,
That they did deem their privates and commanders
So many Cæsars, Pompeys, Alexanders,
Napoleons, or Fredericks the Great.

And puffing with inordinate conceit
They utterly despised these Cossack thieves;
And thought the ruffians easier to beat
Than porters carpets think, or ushers boys.
Meanwhile, a sly spectator of their joys,
The Cossack captain giggled in his sleeves.

"Whene'er you meet yon stupid city hogs
(He bade his troops precise this order keep),
"Don't stand a moment — run away, you dogs!"
Twas done; and when they met the town battalions,
The Cossacks, as if frightened at their valiance,
Turned tail, and bolted like so many sheep.

They fled, obedient to their captain's order:

And now this bloodless siege a month had lasted,
When, viewing the country round, the city warder
(Who, like a faithful weathercock, did perch
Upon the steeple of Saint Sophy's church),

Sudden his trumpet took, and a mighty blast he
 blasted.

His voice it might be heard through all the streets

(He was a warder wondrous strong in lung),

"Victory, victory! the foe retreats!"

"The foe retreats!" each cries to each he meets;

"The foe retreats!" each in his turn repeats.

Gods! how the guns did roar, and how the joy-bells rung!

Arming in haste his gallant city lancers,

The Mayor, to learn if true the news might be,

A league or two out issued with his prancers.

The Cossacks (something had given their courage a
 damper)

Hastened their flight, and 'gan like mad to scamper:

Blessed be all the saints, Kiowa town was free!

XI.

Now, puffed with pride, the mayor grew vain,

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

'Tis true he might amuse himself thus,

And not be very murderous;

For as of those who to death were done

The number was exactly *none*,

His lordship, in his soul's elation
Did take a bloodless recreation —
Going home again, he did ordain
A very splendid cold collation
For the magistrates and the corporation;
Likewise a grand illumination,
For the amusement of the nation.
That night the theatres were free,
The conduits they ran Malvoisie;
Each house that night did beam with light
And sound with mirth and jollity:
But shame, O shame! not a soul in the town,
Now the city was safe and the Cossacks flown,
Ever thought of the bountiful saint by whose care
The town had been rid of these terrible Turks —
Said even a prayer to that patroness fair,
For these her wondrous works!

Lord Hyacinth waited, the meekest of priors —
He waited at church with the rest of his friars;
He went there at noon and he waited till ten,
Expecting in vain the lord-mayor and his men.

He waited and waited from mid-day to dark;
But in vain — you might search through the whole of
the church,

Not a layman, alas! to the city's disgrace,
From mid-day to dark showed his nose in the place.

The pew-woman, organist, beadle, and clerk,
Kept away from their work, and were dancing like mad
Away in the streets with the other mad people,
Not thinking to pray, but to guzzle and tipple
Wherever the drink might be had.

XII.

Amidst this din and revelry throughout the city roaring,
The silver morn rose silently, and high in heaven soaring;
Prior Hyacinth was fervently upon his knees adoring:
"Towards my precious patroness this conduct sure unfair is;
I cannot think, I must confess, what keeps the dignitaries
And our good mayor away, unless some business them
contraries."

He puts his long white mantle on and forth the prior
sallies —
(His pious thoughts were bent upon good deeds and not
on malice):
Heavens! how the banquet lights they shone about the
mayor's palace!
About the hall the scullions ran with meats both fresh
and potted;
The pages came with cup and can, all for the guests
allotted;
Ah, how they jeered that good fat man as up the stairs
he trotted!

He entered in the ante-rooms where sat the mayor's
court in;
He found a pack of drunken grooms a-dicing and a-
sporting;
The horrid wine and 'bacco fumes, they set the prior a-
snorting!
The prior thought he'd speak about their sins before he
went hence,
And lustily began to shout of sin and of repentance;
The rogues, they kicked the prior out before he'd done
a sentence!

And having got no portion small of buffeting and
tussling,
At last he reached the banquet-hall, where sat the
mayor a-guzzling,
And by his side his lady tall dressed out in white sprig
muslin.
Around the table in a ring the guests were drinking
heavy;
They drunk the church, and drunk the king, and the
army and the navy;
In fact they 'd toasted every thing. The prior said
"God save ye!"

The mayor cried, "Bring a silver cup — there's one
upon the beaufét;
And, prior, have the venison up — it's capital *rechauffé*.
And so, Sir Priest, you've come to sup? And pray you,
how's Saint Sophy?"
The prior's face quite red was grown, with horror and
with anger;
He flung the proffered goblet down — it made a hideous
clangor;
And 'gan a-preaching with a frown — he was a fierce
haranguer.

He tried the mayor and aldermen — they all set up
a-jeering:
He tried the common-councillmen — they too began
a-sneering:
He turned towards the may'ress then, and hoped to get
a hearing.
He knelt and seized her dinner-dress, made of the
muslin snowy,

"To church, to church, my sweet mistress!" he cried;
"the way I'll show ye."

Alas, the lady-mayoreess fell back as drunk as Chloe!

XIII.

Out from this dissolute and drunken court

Went the good prior, his eyes with weeping dim:
He tried the people of a meaner sort —

They too, alas, were bent upon their sport,

And not a single soul would follow him!
But all were swigging schnaps and guzzling beer.

He found the cits, their daughters, sons, and spouses,
Spending the live-long night in fierce carouses:

Alas, unthinking of the danger near!
One or two sentinels the ramparts guarded,
The rest were sharing in the general feast:
"God wot, our tipsy town is poorly warded;
Sweet Saint Sophia help us!" cried the priest.

Alone he entered the cathedral gate,
Careful he locked the mighty oaken door;
Within his company of monks did wait,
A dozen poor old pious men — no more.
Oh, but it grieved the gentle prior sore,
To think of those lost souls, given up to drink and fate!

The mighty outer gate well barred and fast,
The poor old friars stirred their poor old bones,
And pattering swiftly on the damp cold stones,
They through the solitary chancel passed.
The chancel walls looked black and dim and vast,
And rendered, ghost-like, melancholy tones.

Onward the fathers sped, till coming nigh a
Small iron gate, the which they entered quick at,
They locked and double-locked the inner wicket,
And stood within the chapel of Sophia.
Vain were it to describe this sainted place,
Vain to describe that celebrated trophy,
The venerable statue of Saint Sophy,
Which formed its chiefest ornament and grace.

Here the good prior, his personal griefs and sorrows
In his extreme devotion quickly merging,
At once began to pray with voice sonorous;
The other friars joined in pious chorus,
And passed the night in singing, praying, scourging,
In honour of Sophia, that sweet virgin.

XIV.

Leaving thus the pious priest in
Humble penitence and prayer,
And the greedy cits a-feasting,
Let us to the walls repair.

Walking by the sentry-boxes,
Underneath the silver moon,
Lo! the sentry boldly cocks his —
Boldly cocks his musketoon.

Sneezeoff was his designation,
Fair-haired boy, for ever pitied;
For to take his cruel station,
He but now Katinka quitted.

Poor in purse were both, but rich in
Tender love's delicious plenties;
She a damsel of the kitchen,
He a haberdasher's 'prentice.

"Tinka, maiden, tender-hearted
Was dissolved in tearful fits,
On that fatal night she parted
From her darling, fair-haired Fritz.

Warm her soldier lad she wrapt in
Comforter and muffetee;
Called him "general" and "captain,"
Though a simple private he.

"On your bosom wear this plaster,
'Twill defend you from the cold;
In your pipe smoke this canaster,
Smuggled 'tis, my love, and old.

"All the night, my love, I'll miss you."
Thus she spoke; and from the door
Fair-haired Sneezoff made his issue,
To return, alas, no more.

He it is who calmly walks his
Walk beneath the silver moon;
He it is who boldly cocks his
Detonating musketoon.

He the bland canaster puffing,
As upon his round he paces,
Sudden sees a ragamuffin
Clambering swiftly up the glacis.

"Who goes there?" exclaims the sentry;
"When the sun has once gone down
No one ever makes an entry
Into this here fortified town!"

Shouted thus the watchful Sneezeoff;
But, ere any one replied,
Wretched youth! he fired his piece off,
Started, staggered, groaned, and died!

XV.

Ah, full well might the sentinel cry, "Who goes there?"
But echo was frightened too much to declare.
Who goes there? who goes there? Can any one swear
To the number of sands *sur les bords de la mer*,
Or the whiskers of D'Orsay Count down to a hair?
As well might you tell of the sands the amount,
Or number each hair in each curl of the Count,
As ever proclaim the number and name
Of the hundreds and thousands that up the wall came!
Down, down the knaves poured with fire and with sword:
There were thieves from the Danube and rogues from
the Don;
There were Turks and Wallacks, and shouting Cossacks;
Of all nations and regions, and tongues and religions —
Jew, Christian, Idolater, Frank, Mussulman:
Ah, a horrible sight was Kioff that night!
The gates were all taken — no chance e'en of flight;
And with torch and with axe the bloody Cossacks
Went hither and thither a-hunting in packs:
They slashed and they slew both Christian and Jew —
Women and children, they slaughtered them too.

Some, saving their throats, plunged into the moats,
Or the river — but, oh, they had burned all the boats!

* * * * *

But here let us pause — for I can't pursue further
This scene of rack, ravishment, ruin, and murder.
Too well did the cunning old Cossack succeed!
His plan of attack was successful indeed!
The night was his own — the town it was gone;
'Twas a heap still a-burning of timber and stone.
One building alone had escaped from the fires,
Saint Sophy's fair church, with its steeples and spires
Calm, stately, and white,
It stood in the light;
And as if 'twould defy all the conqueror's power, —
As if nought had occurred,
Might clearly be heard
The chimes ringing soberly every half-hour!

XVI.

The city was defunct — silence succeeded
Unto its last fierce agonising yells;
And then it was the conqueror first heeded
The sound of these calm bells.
Furious towards his aides-de-camps he turns,
And (speaking as if Byron's works he knew)
"Villains!" he fiercely cries, "the city burns,
Why not the temple too?
Burn me yon church, and murder all within!"
The Cossacks thundered at the outer door;
And Father Hyacinth, who heard the din
(And thought himself and brethren in distress,
Deserted by their lady patroness)
Did to her statue turn, and thus his woes out-pour.

XVII.

"And is it thus, O falsest of the saints,
Thou hearest our complaints?
Tell me, did ever my attachment falter
To serve thy altar?
Was not thy name, ere ever I did sleep,
The last upon my lip?
Was not thy name the very first that broke
From me when I awoke?
Have I not tried with fasting, flogging, penance,
And mortified countenance
For to find favor, Sophy, in thy sight?
And lo! this night,
Forgetful of my prayers, and thine own promise,
Thou turnest from us;
Lettest the heathen enter in our city,
And, without pity,
Murder our burghers, seize upon their spouses,
Burn down their houses!
Is such a breach of faith to be endured?
See what a lurid
Light from the insolent invader's torches
Shines on your porches!
E'en now, with thundering battering-ram and hammer
And hideous clamour;
With axemen, swordsmen, pikemen, billmen, bowmen,
The conquering foemen,
O Sophy! beat your gate about your ears,
Alas! and here's
A humble company of pious men,
Like muttons in a pen,
Whose souls shall quickly from their bodies be thrust,ed,
Because in you they trusted.

Do you not know the Calmuc chief's desires —

KILL ALL THE PRIARS!

And you of all the saints most false and fickle,
Leave us in this abominable pickle."

"RASH HYACINTHUS!"

(Here, to the astonishment of all her backers,
Saint Sophy, opening wide her wooden jaws,

Like to a pair of German walnut-crackers,
Began) "I did not think that you had been thus, —
O monk of little faith! Is it because

A rascal scum of filthy Cossack heathen
Besiege our town, that you distrust in *me*, then?

Think'st thou that I, who in a former day
Did walk across the Sea of Marmora

(Not mentioning, for shortness, other seas), —

That I, who skimmed the broad Borysthenes,

Without so much as wetting of my toes,
Am frightened at a set of men like *those*?

I have a mind to leave you to your fate:
Such cowardice as this my scorn inspires."

Saint Sophy was here

Cut short in her words, —

For at this very moment in tumbled the gate,

And with a wild cheer,

And a clashing of swords,

Swift through the church porches,

With a waving of torches,

And a shriek, and a yell,

Like the devils of hell,

With pike and with axe

In rushed the Cossacks, —

In rushed the Cossacks, crying, "MURDER THE PRIARS!"

Ah! what a thrill felt Hyacinth,
When he heard that villanous shout Calmuc!
Now, thought he, my trial-beginneth;
Saints, O give me courage and pluck!
"Courage, boys, 'tis useless to funk!"
Thus unto the friars he began,
"Never let it be said that a monk
Is not likewise a gentleman.
Though the patron saint of the church,
Spite of all that we've done and we've pray'd,
Leaves us wickedly here in the lurch,
Hang it, gentlemen, who's afraid?"

As thus the gallant Hyacinthus spoke,
He with an air as easy and as free as
If the quick-coming murder were a joke,
Folded his robes around his sides, and took
Place under sainted Sophy's legs of oak,
Like Caesar at the statue of Pompeius.
The monks no leisure had about to look
(Each being absorbed in his particular case),
Else had they seen with what celestial grace,
A wooden smile stole o'er the saint's mahogany face.

"Well done, well done, Hyacinthus, my son!"
Thus spoke the sainted statue.
"Though you doubted me in the hour of need,
And spoke of me very rude indeed,
You deserve good luck for showing such pluck,
And I wont be angry at you."

The monks by-standing, one and all,
Of this wondrous scene beholders,

To this kind promise listened content,
And couldn't contain their astonishment,
When Saint Sophia moved and went
Down from her wooden pedestal,
And twisted her legs, sure as eggs is eggs,
Round Hyacinthus's shoulders!

"Ho! forwards," cries Sophy, "there's no time for waiting,
The Cossacks are breaking the very last gate in:
See the glare of their torches shines red through the
grating;

We've still the back door, and two minutes or more.
Now, boys, now or never, we must make for the river,
For we only are safe on the opposite shore.
Run swiftly to-day, lads, if ever you ran, —
Put out your best leg, Hyacinthus, my man:
And I'll lay five to two that you carry us through,
Only scamper as fast as you can."

XVIII.

Away went the priest through the little back door,
And light on his shoulders the image he bore:

The honest old priest was not punished the least,
Though the image was eight feet, and he measured four.
Away went the prior, and the monks at his tail
Went snorting, and puffing, and panting full sail;

And just as the last at the back door had passed,
In furious hunt behold at the front
The Tartars so fierce, with their terrible cheers;
With axes, and halberds, and muskets, and spears,
With torches a-flaming the chapel now came in.

They tore up the mass-book, they stamped on the psalter,
They pulled the gold crucifix down from the altar;
The vestments they burned with their blasphemous fires,
And many cried "Curse on them! where are the friars?"
When loaded with plunder, yet seeking for more,
One chanced to fling open the little back door,
Spied out the friars' white robes and long shadows
In the moon, scampering over the meadows,
And stopped the Cossacks in the midst of their arsons,
By crying out lustily, "THERE GO THE PARSONS!"
With a whoop and a yell, and a scream and a shout,
At once the whole murderous body turned out;
And swift as the hawk pounces down on the pigeon,
Pursued the poor short-winded men of religion.

When the sound of that cheering came to the monks' hearing,
O Heaven! how the poor fellows panted and blew!
At fighting not cunning, unaccustomed to running,
When the Tartars came up, what the deuce should
they do?

"They'll make us all martyrs, those blood-thirsty Tartars!"
Quoth fat Father Peter to fat Father Hugh.
The shouts they came clearer, the foe they drew nearer;
Oh, how the bolts whistled, and how the lights shone!
"I cannot get further, this running is warther;
Come carry me, some one!" cried big Father John.
And even the statue grew frightened, "Od rat you!"

It cried, "Mr. Prior, I wish you'd get on!"
On tugged the good friar, but nigher and nigher
Appeared the fierce Russians, with sword and with fire.
On tugged the good prior at Saint Sophy's desire, —
A scramble through bramble, through mud, and through
mire.

The swift arrows' whizziness causing a dizziness,
Nigh done his business, fit to expire.
Father Hyacinth tugged, and the monks they tugged
after:
The foemen pursued with a horrible laughter.
And hurl'd their long spears round the poor brethren's
ears,
So true, that next day in the coats of each priest,
Though never a wound was given, there were found
A dozen arrows at least.

Now the chace seemed at its worst,
Prior and monks were fit to burst;
Scarce you knew the which was first,
Or pursuers or pursued;
When the statue, by Heaven's grace,
Suddenly did change the face
Of this interesting race,
As a saint, sure, only could.

For as the jockey who at Epsom rides,
When that his steed is spent and punished sore,
Diggeth his heels into the courser's sides,
And thereby makes him run one or two furlongs more;
Even thus, betwixt the eighth rib and the ninth,
The saint rebuked the prior, that weary creeper;
Fresh strength into his limbs her kicks imparted,
One bound he made, as gay as when he started.
Yes, with his brethren clinging at his cloak,
The statue on his shoulders — fit to choke —
One most tremendous bound made Hyacinth,
And soused friars, statue, and all, slap dash into the
Dnieper!

XIX.

And when the Russians, in a fiery rank,
Panting and fierce, drew up along the shore;
(For here the vain pursuing they forbore,
Nor cared they to surpass the river's bank),
Then, looking from the rocks and rushes dank,
A sight they witnessed never seen before,
And which, with its accompaniments glorious,
Is writ i' the golden book, or *liber aureus*.

Plump in the Dnieper flounced the friar and friends, —
They dangling round his neck, he fit to choke,
When suddenly his most miraculous cloak
Over the billowy waves itself extends.
Down from his shoulders quietly descends
The venerable Sophy's statue of oak;
Which, sitting down upon the cloak so ample,
Bids all the brethren follow its example!

Each at her bidding sat, and sat at ease;
The statue 'gan a gracious conversation,
And (waving to the foe a salutation)
Sail'd with her wondering happy protégés
Gaily adown the wide Borysthene's,
Until they came unto some friendly nation.
And when the heathen had at length grown shy of
Their conquest, she one day came back again to Kioff.

XX.

THINK NOT, O READER, THAT WE'RE LAUGHING AT YOU;
YOU MAY GO TO KIOFF NOW, AND SEE THE STATUE!

TITMARSH'S CARMEN LILLIENSE.

LILLE, Sept. 2, 1848.

*My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.*

I.

With twenty pounds but three weeks since
From Paris forth did Titmarsh wheel,
I thought myself as rich a prince
As beggar poor I'm now at Lille.

Confiding in my ample means —
In troth, I was a happy chiel!
I passed the gates of Valenciennes,
I never thought to come by Lille.

I never thought my twenty pounds
Some rascal knave would dare to steal;
I gaily passed the Belgic bounds
At Quiévrain, twenty miles from Lille.

To Antwerp town I hasten'd post,
And as I took my evening meal
I felt my pouch, — my purse was lost,
O Heaven! Why came I not by Lille?

I straightway call'd for ink and pen,
To grandmamma I made appeal;
Meanwhile a loan of guineas ten
I borrowed from a friend so leal.

I got the cash from grandmamma,
(Her gentle heart my woes could feel)
But where I went, and what I saw,
What matters? Here I am at Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no cash, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

II.

To stealing I can never come,
To pawn my watch I'm too genteel,
Besides, I left my watch at home,
How could I pawn it, then, at Lille?

"*La note*," at times the guests will say,
I turn as white as cold boil'd veal;
I turn and look another way,
I dare not ask the bill at Lille.

I dare not to the landlord say,
"Good sir, I cannot pay your bill;"
He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
And is quite proud I stay at Lille.

He thinks I am a Lord Anglais,
Like Rothschild or Sir Robert Peel,
And so he serves me every day
The best of meat and drink in Lille.

Yet when he looks me in the face
I blush as red as cochineal;
And think did he but know my case,
How changed he'd be, my host of Lille!

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

III.

The sun bursts out in furious blaze,
I perspire from head to heel;
I'd like to hire a one-horse chaise,
How can I, without cash at Lille?

I pass in sunshine burning hot
By cafés where in beer they deal;
I think how pleasant were a pot,
A frothing pot of beer of Lille!

What is yon house with walls so thick,
All girt around with guard and grille?
Oh! gracious gods, it makes me sick,
It is the *prison-house* of Lille!

Oh cursed prison strong and barred,
It does my very blood congeal!
I tremble as I pass the guard,
And quit that ugly part of Lille.

The church-door beggar whines and prays,
I turn away at his appeal:
Ah, church-door beggar! go thy ways!
You're not the poorest man in Lille.

My heart is weary, my peace is gone,
How shall I e'er my woes reveal?
I have no money, I lie in pawn,
A stranger in the town of Lille.

IV.

Say, shall I to yon Flemish church,
And at a Popish altar kneel?
O do not leave me in the lurch, —
I'll cry ye patron-saints of Lille!

Ye virgins dressed in satin hoops,
Ye martyrs slain for mortal weal,
Look kindly down! before you stoops
The miserablest man in Lille.

And lo! as I beheld with awe
A pictured saint (I swear 'tis real)
It smiled, and turn'd to grandmamma! —
It did! and I had hope in Lille!

"Twas five o'clock, and I could eat,
Although I could not pay, my meal:
I hasten back into the street
Where lies my inn, the best in Lille.

What see I on my table stand, —
A letter with a well-known seal?
'Tis grandmamma's! I know her hand, —
"To Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, Lille."

I feel a choking in my throat,
I pant and stagger, faint and reel!
It is — it is — a ten-pound note,
And I'm no more in pawn at Lille!

[He goes off by the diligence that evening, and is restored to
the bosom of his happy family.]

LYRA HIBERNICA.

THE POEMS OF THE MOLONY OF KILBALLYMOLONY.

THE PIMLICO PAVILION.

Ye pathrons of janius, Minerva, and Vanus,
Who sit on Parnassus, that mountain of snow,
Descind from your station and make observation
Of the Prince's pavilion in sweet Pimlico.

This garden by jakurs, is forty poor acres,
(The garner he tould me, and sure ought to know;)
And yet greatly bigger, in size and in figure,
Than the Phanix itself, seems the Park Pimlico.

O 'tis there that the spoort is, when the Queen and the
Court is
Walking magnanimous all of a row,
Forgetful what state is among the pataties
And the pine-apple gardens of sweet Pimlico.

There in blossoms odp'rous the birds sing a chorus,
Of "God save the Queen" as they hop to and fro;
And you sit on the binches and hark to the finches,
Singing melodious in sweet Pimlico.

There shutting their phantasies, they pluck polyanthus
That round in the gardens resplendently grow,
Wid roses and jessamins, and other sweet specimens,
Would charm bould Linnayus in sweet Pimlico.

You see when you inther, and stand in the cinther,
Where the roses, and necturns, and collyflowers blow,
A hill so tremindous, it tops the top-windows
Of the elegant houses of famed Pimlico.

And when you've ascinded that precipice splendid
You see on its summit a wondtherful show —
A lovely Swish building, all painting and gilding,
The famous Pavilion of sweet Pimlico.

Prince Albert, of Flandthers, that Prince of Commandthers,
(On whom my best blessings hereby I bestow,)
With gold and vermilion has decked that Pavilion,
Where the Queen may take tay in her sweet Pimlico.

There's lines from John Milton the chamber all gilt on,
And pictures beneath them that's shaped like a bow;
I was greatly astounded to think that that Roundhead
Should find an admission to famed Pimlico.

O lovely's each fresco, and most picturesque O,
And while round the chamber astonished I go;
I think Dan Maclise's it baits all the pieces,
Surrounding the cottage of famed Pimlico.

Eastlake has the chimney, (a good one to limn he,)
And a vargin he paints with a serpent below;
While bulls, pigs, and panthers, and other enchanthers,
Is painted by Landseer in sweet Pimlico.

And nature smiles opposite, Stanfield he copies it;
O'er Claude or Poussang sure 'tis he that may crow:
But Sir Ross's best failure is small mini-ature —
He shouldn't paint frescoes in famed Pimlico.

There's Leslie and Uwins has rather small doings;
There's Dice, as brave master as England can show,
And the flowers and the strawberries, sure he no dauber is;
That painted the panels of famed Pimlico!

In the pictures from Walther Scott, never a fault there's got,
Sure the marble's as natural as thine Scaglio;
And the Chamber Pompayen is sweet to take tay in,
And ait, butther'd muffins in sweet Pimlico.

There's landscapes by Gruner, both solar and lunar,
Them two little Doyles, too, deserve a bravo;
Wid de piece by young Townsend (for janus abounds in't!)
And that's why he's shuited to paint Pimlico.

That picture of Severn's is worthy of rever'nce,
But some I won't mention is rather so so;
For sweet philosophy, or crumpets and coffee,
O where's a Pavilion like sweet Pimlico?

O to praise this Pavilion would puzzle Quintilian,
Daymosthenes, Brougham, or young Cicero;
So heavenly Goddess d'ye, pardon my modesty,
And silence my lyre! about sweet Pimlico.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

With ganiai foire
 Thransfuse me loyre,
 Ye sacred nymphs of Pindus,
 The whoile I sing
 That wondthrouis thing,
 The Palace made o' windows!

Say, Paxton, truth,
 Thou wondthrouis youth,
 What sthroke of art celistial,
 What power was lint
 You to invint
 This combinection cristial.

O would before
 That Thomas Moore,
 Likewise the late Lord Boyron,
 Thim aigles sthrong
 Of godlike song,
 Cast oi on that east oiron!

And saw thim walls,
 And glittering halls,
 Thim rising slendther columans,
 Which I, poor pote,
 Could not denote,
 No, not in twinty vollums.

alluded to in collg

My Muse's words
Is like the birds
That roosts beneath the panes there;
Her wings she spoils
'Gainst them bright tiles,
And cracks her silly brains there.

This Palace tall,
This Cristial Hall,
Which Imperors might covet,
Stands in High Park
Like Noah's Ark,
A rainbow bint above it.

The towers and fanes,
In other scaynes,
The fame of this will undo,
Saint Paul's big doom,
Saint Payther's Room,
And Dublin's proud Rotundo.

'Tis here that roams,
As well becomes
Her dignitee and stations,
Victoria Great,
And houlds in state
The Congress of the Nations.

Her subjects pours
From distant shores,
Her Injians and Canajians;
And also we,
Her kingdoms three,
Attind with our allagiance.

Here come likewise
Her bould allies,
Both Asian and European;
From East and West
They send their best
To fill her Coornucopian.

I seen (thank Grace!)
This wondthrous place
(His Noble Honour Mither
H. Cole it was
That gave the pass,
And let me see what is there).

With conscious proide
I stud insoide
And look'd the World's Great Fair in,
Until me sight
Was dazzled quite,
And couldn't see for staring.

There's holy saints
And window paints,
By Maydiayval Pugin;
Alhamborough Jones
Did paint the tones
Of yellow and gambouge in.

There's fountains there
And crosses fair;
There's water-gods with urns;
There's organs three,
To play, d'ye see,
"God save the Queen," by turns.

There's Statues bright
Of marble white
Of silver, and of copper;
And some in zinc,
And some, I think,
That isn't over proper.

There's staym Ingynes,
That stands in lines,
Enormous and amazing,
That squeal and snort
Like whales in sport,
Or elephants a-grazing.

There's carts and gigs,
And pins for pigs;
There's dibblers and there's harrows,
And ploughs like toys
For little boys,
And ilegant wheel-barrows.

For thim genteels
Who ride on wheels,
There's plenty to indulge 'em;
There's Droskys snug
From Paytersbug,
And vayhycles from Bulgium.

There's Cabs on Stands
And Shandthry danns;
There's Waggons from New York here;
There's Lapland Sleighs
Have cross'd the seas,
And Jaunting Cyars from Cork here.

Amazed I pass
From glass to glass,
Deloighted I survey 'em;
Fresh wondthers grows
Before me nose
In this sublime Musayum!

Look, here 's a fan
From far Japan
A sabre from Damasco:
There's shawls ye get
From far Thibet,
And cotton prints from Glasgow.

There's German flutes,
Marocky boots,
And Naples Macaronies;
Bohaymia
Has sent Bohay:
Polonia her polonies.

There's granite flints
That's quite inminse,
There's sacks of coals and fuels,
There's swords and guns,
And soap in tuns,
And Ginger-bread and Jewels.

There's taypots there,
And cannons rare;
There's coffins fill'd with roses;
There's canvass tints,
Teeth instrumints,
And shuits of clothes by MOSES.

There's lashins more
Of things in store,
But thim I don't remimber;
Nor could disclose
Did I compose
From May time to Novimber!

Ah, JUDY thru!
With eyes so blue,
That you were here to view it!
And could I screw
But tu pound tu,
'Tis I would thrait you to it!

So let us raise
Victoria's praise,
And Albert's proud condition,
That takes his ayse
As he surveys
This Cristial Exhibition.

1851.

MOLONY'S LAMENT.

O TIM, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers repoort?
They're goan to recal the Liftinant,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now having murdthered our counthry,
They're goin to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;
'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behold him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked-hat from the windies,
And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the eyars,
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilds you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Across the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen — she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy,
'T was she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings at Madam O'Riggs';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds and its dacies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jacies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
 'T was they gave the Clart and the Poort,
 And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
 To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
 But now that the quality's goin,
 I warnt that the ailing will stop,
 And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
 The devil a bite or a dthrop,
 Or chop,
 And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin,
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes, —
Oh, murther, but what shall I due
Without you?
O Meerv, with oi's of the blue!

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL.

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENINSULAR AND
ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O WILL ye choose to hear the news,
Bedad I cannot pass it o'er:
I'll tell you all about the Ball
To the Naypaulase Ambassador.
Begor! this fête all balls does bate
At which I worn a pump, and I
Must here relate the splendthor great
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse, dispoised expinse,
To fête these black Achilleses.
"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,
And take the rooms at Willis's."
With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,
They hung the rooms of Willis up,
And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls,
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand,
So sweetly in the middle there,
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,
And violins did fiddle there.
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,
I'd have you, boys, to think there was,
A nate buffet before them set,
Where lashins of good dhrink there was.

At ten before the ball-room door,
His moighty Excellency was,
He smiled and bowed to all the crowd,
So gorgeous and immense he was.
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
Into the door-way followed him;
And O the noise, of the blackguard boys,
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair,* stud at the stair,
And bade the dthrams to thump; and he
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,
The welcome of his Company.
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;
And, fixed each oye, ye there could spoi,
On Ginerall Jung Bahawther, was!

This Ginerall great, then tuck his sate,
With all the other gineralls,
(Bedad his troat, his belt, his coat,
All bleezed with precious minerals;)
And as he there, with princely air,
Reclouin on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair,
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes, and Earls,
Such fashion and nobilitee!
Just think of Tim, and fancy him,
Amidst the hoigh gentilittee!

* James Matheson, Esq., to whom, and the Board of Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I, Timotheus Molony, late stoker on board the *Iberia*, the *Lady Mary Wood*, the *Tagus*, and the *Oriental* steam-ships, humbly dedicate this production of my grateful muse.

There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese
Ministher and his lady there,
And I reckonised, with much surprise,
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,
And Baroness Rehansen there,
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first,
When only Mr. Pips he was),
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall, and his ladies all,
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife;
I wondther how he could stuff her in.
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes, and Earls, and diamonds, and pearls,
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,
Behind the windies, coorting there.
O, there's one I know, bedad would show
As beautiful as any there,
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Instructed his battalions
To rispiet the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'T is William Smith O'Drine,
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more:
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valliant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword:
'T is he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
We bade to our repast,
To dthink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
These patriots so bould,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamentals and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'T would binifit your sowsls,
To see the butthered rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And, since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo —
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it — by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batterered and they banged:
Tim Deolan's doors and windies, down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Pursuuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies, and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

O the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin, they cursed and swore:
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'T was he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

O the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
"T is a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face;"
And he boulded with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore;"
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
"T would have done your sowl good to have heard him roar;
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

THE BALLADS OF POLICEMAN X.

THE WOFLE NEW BALLAD OF JANE RONEY
AND MARY BROWN.

AN igstrawnary tail I vill tell you this veek —
I stood in the Court of A'Beckett the Beak,
Vere Mrs. Jane Roney, a widow, I see,
Who charged Mary Brown with a robbin of she.

This Mary was pore and in misery once,
And she came to Mrs. Roney it's more than twelve monce.
She adn't got no bed, nor no dinner nor no tea,
And kind Mrs. Roney gave Mary all three.

Mrs. Roney kep Mary for ever so many veeks,
(Her conduct disgusted the best of all Beax.)
She kep her for nothink, as kind as could be,
Never thinkin that this Mary was a traitor to she.

"Mrs. Roney, O Mrs. Roney, I feel very ill;
Will you jest step to the Doctor's for to fetch me a pill?"
"That I will, my pore Mary," Mrs. Roney says she;
And she goes off to the Doctor's as quickly as may be.

No sooner on this message Mrs. Roney was sped,
Than hup gits vicked Mary, and jumps out a bed;
She hopens all the trunks without never a key —
She bustes all the boxes, and vith them makes free.

Mrs. Roney's best linning gownds, petticoats, and close,
Her children's little coats and things, her boots, and her
hose,
She packed them, and she stole 'em, and away vith them
did flee.

Mrs. Roney's situation — you may think vat it vould be!

Of Mary, ungrateful, who had served her this vay,
Mrs. Roney heard nothink for a long year and a day.
Till last Thursday, in Lambeth, ven whom should she see?
But this Mary, as had acted so ungrateful to she.

She was leaning on the helbo of a worthy young man;
They were going to be married, and were walkin hand
in hand;

And the Church bells was a ringin for Mary and he,
And the parson was ready, and a waitin for his fee.

When up comes Mrs. Roney, and faces Mary Brown,
Who trembles, and castes her eyes upon the ground.
She calls a jolly pleaseman, it happens to be me;
I charge this young woman, Mr. Pleaseman, says she.

Mrs. Roney, o, Mrs. Roney, o, do let me go,
I acted most ungrateful I own, and I know,
But the marriage bell is a ringin, and the ring you
may see,
And this young man is a-waitin, says Mary, says she.

I don't care three fardens for the parson and clark,
And the bell may keep ringin from noon day to dark.
Mary Brown, Mary Brown, you must come along with me,
And I think this young man is lucky to be free.

So, in spite of the tears which bejew'd Mary's cheek,
I took that young gurl to A'Beckett the Beak;
That exlent Justice demanded her plea —
But never a sullable said Mary said she.

On account of her conduck so base and so vile,
That wicked young gurl is committed for trile,
And if she's transpawted beyond the salt sea,
It's a proper reward for such willians as she.

Now you young gurls of Southwark for Mary who weep,
From pickin and stealin your ands you must keep,
Or it may be my dooty, as it was Thursday week,
To pull you all hup to A'Beckett the Beak.

THE THREE CHRISTMAS WAITS.

My name is Pleaceman X;
Last night I was in bed,
A dream did me perplex,
Which came into my Edd.
I dreamed I sor three Waits
A playing of their tune,
At Pimlico Palace gates,
All underneath the moon.
One puffed a hold French horn,
And one a hold Banjo,
And one chap seedy and torn
A Hirish pipe did blow.
They sadly piped and played,
Dexeribing of their fates;
And this was what they said,
Those three pore Christmas Waits: —

“When this black year began,
This Eighteen-forty-eight,
I was a great great man,
And king both vise and great,
And Munseer Guizot by me did show
As Minister of State.

"But Febawerry came,
And brought a rabble rout,
And me and my good dame
And children did turn out,
And us, in spite of all our right,
Sent to the right about.

"I left my native ground,
I left my kin and kith,
I left my royal crownd,
Vith I couldn't travel vith,
And without a pound came to English ground,
In the name of Mr. Smith.

"Like any anchorite
I've lived since I came here,
I've kep myself quite quite,
I've drank the small small beer,
And the vater, you see, disagrees vith me
And all my fanly dear.

"O, Tweeleries so dear,
O, darling Pally Royl,
Vas it to finish here
That I did trouble and toyl?
That all my plans should break in my ands,
And should on me recoil?

"My state I fenced about
Vith baynicks and with guns;
My gals I portioned hout,
Rich vives I got my sons;
O, varn't it crule to lose my rule,
My money and lands at once?

"And so, with arp and voice,
Both troubled and shagreened,
I bid you to rejoice
O glorious England's Queend!
And never have to veep, like pore Louis-Phileep,
Because you out are cleaned.

"O, Prins, so brave and stout,
I stand before your gate;
Pray send a trifle hont
To me, your pore old Vait;
Fer nothink could be vuss than it's been along vith us,
In this year Forty-eight."

"Ven this bad year began,"
The nex man said, saysee,
"I vas a Journeyman,
A taylor black and free,
And my wife went out and chaired about,
And my name's the bold Cuffee.

"The Queen and Halbert both,
I swore I would confound,
I took a hawfle heath
To drag them to the ground;
And sevrul more with me they swore
Against the British Crownd.

"Aginst her Pleacemen all,
We said we'd try our strenth;
Her scarlick soldiers fall,
We vow'd we'd lay full lenth:
And out we came, in Freedom's name,
Last Aypril was the tenth.

"Three 'undred thousand snobs
Came out to stop the vay,
Vith sticks vith iron knobs,
Or else we'd gained the day.
The harmy quite kept out of sight,
And so ve vent away.

"Next day the Pleacemen came —
Rewenge it was their plann —
And from my good old dame
They took her tailor-mann:
And the hard hard beak did me bespeak
To Newgit in the Wann.

"In that etrocious Cort
The Jewry did agree;
The Judge did me transport,
To go beyond the sea:
And so for life, from his dear wife
They took poor old Cuffee.

"O Halbert, Appy Prince!
With children round your knees,
Ingraving ansum Prints,
And takin hoff your hease;
O think of me, the old Cuffee,
Beyond the salt salt seas!

"Although I'm hold and black,
My hanguish is most great;
Great Prince, O call me back,
And I vill be your Vait!
And never no more vill break the Lor,
As I did in 'Forty-eight."

The tailor thus did close
 (A pore old blackymore rogue),
When a dismal gent uprose,
 And spoke with Hirish brogue;
"I'm Smith O'Brine, of Royal Line,
 Descended from Rory Ogue.

"When great O'Connle died,
 That man whom all did trust,
That man whom Henglish pride
 Beheld with such disgust,
Then Erin free fixed eyes on me,
 And swear I should be fust.

"'The glorious Hirish Crown,'
 Says she, 'it shall be thine:
Long time, it's very well known,
 You kep it in your line;
That diadem of hemerald gem
 Is yours, my Smith O'Brine.

"'Too long the Saxon churl
 Our land encumbered hath;
Arise my Prince, my Earl,
 And brush them from thy path;
Rise, mighty Smith, and sweep em with
 The besom of your wrath.'

"Then in my might I rose,
 My country I surveyed,
I saw it filled with foes,
 I viewed them undismayed;
Ha, ha! says I, the harvest's high,
 I'll reap it with my blade.

"My warriors I enrolled,
They rallied round their lord;
And cheafs in council old
I summoned to the board —
Wise Doheny and Duffy bold,
And Meagher of the Sword.

"I stood on Slievenamann,
They came with pikes and bills;
They gathered in the dawn,
Like mist upon the hills,
And rushed adown the mountain side
Like twenty thousand rills.

"Their fortress we assail;
Hurroo! my boys, hurroo!
The bloody Saxons quail
To hear the wild shaloo;
Strike, and prevail proud Innesfail,
O'Brine, aboo, aboo!

"Our people they defied;
They shot at 'em like savages,
Their bloody guns they plied
With sanguinary ravages;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide
That day among the cabbages!

"And so no more I'll say,
But ask your Mussy great,
And humbly sing and pray,
Your Majesty's poor Wait:
Your Smith O'Brine in 'Forty-nine
Will blush for 'Forty-eight."

LINES ON A LATE HOSPICIOUS EWENT.*

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE FOOT-GUARDS (BLUE).

I PACED upon my beat
With steady step and slow,
All huppandownd of Ranelagh Street;
Ran'lagh St. Pimlico.

While marching huppandownd
Upon that fair May morn,
Beold the booming kannings sound,
A royal child is born!

The Ministers of State
Then presnly I sor,
They gallops to the Pallis gate,
In carriages and for.

With anxious looks intent,
Before the gate they stop,
There comes the good Lord President,
And there the Archbishopp.

* The birth of Prince Arthur.

Lord John he next elights;
And who comes here in haste?
'Tis the ero of one underd fights,
The candle for to taste.

Then Mrs. Lily the nuss,
Towards them steps with joy;
Says the brave old Duke, "Come tell to us,
Is it a gal or a boy?"

Says Mrs. L. to the Duke,
"Your Grace, it is a *Prince*."
And at that nuss's bold rebuke,
He did both laugh and wince.

He vews with pleasant look
This pooty flower of May,
Then, says the venerable Duke,
"Egad its my buthday."

By memory backards borne,
Peraps his thoughts did stray
To that old place where he was born,
Upon the first of May.

Peraps he did recol
The ancient towers of Trim;
And County Meath and Dangan Hall
They did rewisit him.

I phansy of him so
His good old thoughts employin';
Fourscore years and one ago
Beside the flowin' Boyne.

His father praps he sees,
Most musicle of Lords,
A playing maddrigles and glees
Upon the Arpsicords.

Jest phansy this old Ero
Upon his mother's knee!
Did ever lady in this land
Ave greater sons than she?

And I sheudn be surprize
While this was in his mind,
If a drop there twinkled in his eyes
Of unfamiliar brind.

* * * * *

To Hapsly Ouse next day
Drives up a Broosh and for,
A gracious prince sits in that Shay
(I mention him with Hor!)

They ring upon the bell,
The Porter shows his Ed,
(He fought at Vaterloo as vell,
And wears a Veskit red).

To see that carriage come
The people round it press:
"And is the galliant Duke at ome?"
"Your Royal Ighness, yes."

He steps from out the Broosh
And in the gate is gone,
And X, although the people push,
Says wery kind "Move hon."

The Royal Prince unto
The galliant Duke did say,
"Dear Duke, my little son and you
Was born the self same day.

"The Lady of the land,
My wife and Sovring dear,
It is by her horgust command
I wait upon you here.

"That lady is as well
As can expected be;
And to your Grace she bid me tell
This gracious message free.

"That offspring of our race,
Whom yesterday you see,
To show our honour for your Grace,
Prince Arthur he shall be.

"That name it rhymes to fame;
All Europe knows the sound:
And I couldn't find a better name
If you'd give me twenty pound.

"King Arthur had his knights
That girt his table round,
But you have won a hundred fights,
Will match 'em I'll be bound.

"You fought with Bonypart,
And likewise Tippoo Saib;
I name you then with all my heart
The Godsire of this babe."

That Prince his leave was took,
His hinterview was done.
So let us give the good old Duke
Good luck of his god-son.

And wish him years of joy
In this our time of Schism,
And hope he'll hear the royal boy
His little catechism.

And my pooty little Prince
That's come our arts to cheer,
Let me my loyal powers ewince
A welcomin of you ere.

And the Poit-Laureat's crown'd,
I think, in some respex,
Egstremely shootable might be found
For honest Pleaseman X.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where —
Vy, it vas at four and twenty,
Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer:
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprized to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal —
Pray, saysee, Excuse my freedom,
You're so like my Sister Sal!

You're so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size;
Miss, that — dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes!

I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you!

What's your name, my beauty, tell me?
And she faintly answers, "Lore,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at twenty-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet:
And at twenty-four was welcome,
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master,
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marriage he had ast her,
Like a galliant Brittish Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,
(Vich vas all his hartful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely was a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Would be published at the Foudlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,
(Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sundy veek to see her,
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile accomplish him.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas:
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hecust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in huning shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vich these raskles little sore;
Namely, Mr. Hide the landlord,
Of the house at twenty-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup;
And on looking up he sor the
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled;
Something's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat;
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman able-bodied
Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted like a misgrant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of twenty-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,
(Vich most every gurl expex,)
Let her take a jolly pleaseman;
Vich is name peraps is — X.

DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

SPECIAL Jurymen of England! who admire your country's
laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's ap-
plause;
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sises, this day week as
ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief,
(Special was the British Jury, and the Judge, the
Baron Chief,)
Comes a British man and husband — asking of the law
relief,
For his wife was stolen from him — he'd have venge-
ance on the thief.

Yes, his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his
life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite pre-
found
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and
truth renowned,
To award him for his damage, twenty hundred sterling
pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does
appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady
dear:
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all
too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff
rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her
daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage: early times for piping eye.
Six months after, things were worse, and the piping
eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his wife upon
the back.

Three months after they were married, husband pushed
her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted her no
more;
As she would not go, why *he* went: thrice he left his
lady dear,
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than a quarter
of a year.

Mr. Frances Duncan knew the parties very well indeed,
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and make her
lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home not a single word he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish at his
lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the Jury note
 How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady by the throat,
 How he cursed her and abused her, beating her into a fit,
 Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed the wall
 and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers, a butcher, dwelt;
 Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring dame did melt;
 (Not that she had erred as yet, crime was not developed
 in her)

But being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers supplied
 her dinner —

God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was merciful to
 this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant, said they led a
 wretched life,

Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a teacup at his
 wife;

He went out to balls and pleasures, and never once, in
 ten months' space,

Sate with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This was the
 defendant's case.

Pollock, C. B., charged the Jury; said the woman's guilt
 was clear:

That was not the point, however, which the Jury came
 to hear

But the damage to determine which, as it should true
 appear,

This most tender-hearted husband, who so used his
 lady dear,

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her, left her
starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung her neck,
and boxed her ear —

What the reasonable damage this afflicted man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other turning
round,

Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom most
profound:

And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the foreman
wise and sound;

"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff damages two
hundred pound."

So, God bless the Special Jury! pride and joy of Eng-
lish ground,

And the happy land of England, where true justice does
abound!

British Jurymen and husbands; let us hail this verdict
proper;

If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've a right to
whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though you pro-
mised to defend her,

You are welcome to neglect her; to the devil you may
send her:

You may strike her, curse, abuse her; so declares our
law renowned;

And if after this you lose her, — why you're paid two
hundred pound.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THERE'S in the Vest a city pleasant,
To vich King Bladud gev his name,
And in that city there's a Crescent,
Vere dwelt a noble knight of fame.

Although that galliant knight is oldish,
Although Sir John as grey, grey air,
Hage has not made his busum coldish,
His Art still beats tewodds the Fair!

'Twas two years sins, this knight so splendid,
Peraps fateagued with Bath's routines,
To paris towne his phootsteps bended
In sutch of gayer folke and seans.

His and was free, his means was easy,
A nobler, finer gent than he
Ne'er drove about the Shons-Eleesy,
Or paced the Roo de Rivalee.

A brougham and pair Sir John provided,
In which abroad he loved to ride;
But ar! he most of all enjyed it,
When some one helse was sittin' inside!

That "some one helse" a lovely dame was,
Dear ladies, you will heasy tell —
Countess Grabowski her sweet name was,
A noble title, and to spell.

This faymus Countess ad a daughter
Of lovely form and tender art;
A nobleman in marridge sought her,
By name the Baron of Saint Bart.

Their pashn touched the noble Sir John,
It was so power and profound;
Lady Grabrowski he did urge on,
With Hyming's wreeth their loves to crown.

"O, come to Bath, to Lansdowne Crescent,"
Says kind Sir John, "and live with me;
The living there's uncommon pleasant —
I 'am sure you'll find the hair agree.

"O, come to Bath, my fair Grabrowski,
And bring your charming girl," sezee;
"The Barring here shall have the ouse-key,
With breakfast, dinner, lunch, and tea.

"And when they've passed an appy winter,
Their opes and loves no more we'll bar;
The marridge-vow they'll enter inter,
And I at church will be their Par."

To Bath they went to Lansdowne Crescent,
Where good Sir John he did provide
No end of teas, and bulls incessant,
And hosses both to drive and ride.

He was so Ospitably busy,
When Miss was late, he'd make so bold
Upstairs to call out, "Missy, Missy,
Come down, the coffy's getting cold!"

But Oh! 'tis sodd to think such bounties
Should meet with such return as this;
O, Barring of Saint Bart, O, Countess
Grabrowski, and O, cruel Miss!

He married you at Bath's fair Habby,
Saint Bart he treated like a son —
And wasn't it uncommon shabby
To do what you have went and done!

My trembling And amost refewses
To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-love.

My Mews quite blushes as she sings of
The fadle charge which now I quote:
He says Miss took his two best rings off,
And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

"Is this the child of honest parince,
To make away with folk's best things?
Is this, pray, like the wives of Barrins,
To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

Thus thought Sir John, by anger wrought on,
And to rewenge his injured cause,
He brought them hup to Mr. Broughton,
Last Vensday veek as ever waws.

If guiltless, how she have been slandered!
If guilty, wengeance will not fail;
Meanwhile, the lady is romanderd
And gev three hundred pouns in bail.

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Of lovely form and tender art;
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To write the charge which Sir John swore,
Of which the Countess he ecuses,
Her daughter and her son-in-love.

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The false charge which now I quote:
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And pawned 'em for a tenpun note.

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To go and prig a gentleman's rings?"

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If guilty, wengeance will not fail;
Meanwhile, the lady is remainderd
And gev three hundred pounds in bail.

JACOB HOMNIUM'S HOSS.

A NEW PALLICE COURT CHAUNT.

ONE sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort;
A venerable hinstitute,
'Tis call'd the Pallis Court.
A gent as got his i on it,
I think 'twill make some sport.

The natur of this Court
My hindignation riles:
A few fat legal spiders
Here set & spin their viles,
To rob the town theyr privilege is,
In a hayrea of twelve miles.

The Judge of this year Court
Is a mellitary beak,
He knows no more of Lor
Than praps he does of Greek,
And provides himself a deputy
Because he cannot speak.

Four counsel in this Court —
Mismamed of Justice — sits;
These lawyers owes their places to
Their money, not their wits;
And there's six attornies under them,
As here their living gits.

These lawyers, six and four,
Was a livin at their ease,
A sendin of their writs abowt,
And drooring in the fees,
When their crose a cirkimstance
As is like to make a breeze.

It now is some monce since,
A gent both good and trew
Possest an ansum oss with vich
He dida know what to do:
Peraps he did not like the oss,
Peraps he was a scru.

This gentleman his oss
At Tattersall's did lodge;
There came a vulgar oss-dealer,
This gentleman's name did fodge,
And took the oss from Tattersall's:
Wasn that a arful dodge?

One day this gentleman's groom
This willain did spy out,
A mounted on this oss
A ridin him about;
"Get out of that there oss, you rogue,"
Speaks up the groom so stout.

The thief was cruel whex'd
To find hisself so pinn'd;
The oss began to whinny,
The honest groom he grinn'd;
And the raskle thief got off the oss
And cut away like vind,

And phansy with what joy
The master did regard
His dearly bluvd lost oss again
Trot in the stable yard!

Who was this master good
Of whomb I makes these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times*!

Now shortly after, the groomb
His master's oss did take up,
There came a livery-man
This gentleman to wake up;
And he handed in a little bill,
Which hanger'd Mr. Jacob.

For two pound seventeen
This livery-man oplied,
For the keep of Mr. Jacob's oss,
Which the thief had took to ride.
"Do you see anything green in me?"
Mr. Jacob Homnium cried.

"Because a raskle chews
My oss away to robb,
And goes tick at your Mews
For seven-and-fifty bobb,
Shall I be call'd to pay? — It is
A iniquitious Jobb."

Thus Mr. Jacob cut
The convasation short;
The livery-man went ome,
Detummingd to ave sport,
And summingd Jacob Homnium, Exquire,
Into the Pallis Court.

Pore Jacob went to Court,
A Counsel for to fix,
And choose a barrister out of the four,
An attorney of the six;
And there he sor these men of Lor,
And watch'd 'em at their tricks.

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come;
The lawyers said their say,
The Judge look'd very glum,
And then the British Jury cast
Pore Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two seventeen,
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

I cannot settingly tell
If Jacob swaw and cust,
At aving for to pay this sumb,
But I should think he must,
And av drawn a cheque for £ 24 4 s. 8 d.
With most igstreme disgust.

O Pallis Court, you move
My pitty most profound.
A most emusing sport
You thought it, I'll be bound,
To saddle hup a three-pound debt,
With two-and-twenty pound.

Good sport it is to you,
To grind the honest pore;
To pay their just or unjust debts
With eight hundred per cent. for Lor;
Make haste and git your costes in,
They will not last much mor!

Come down from that tribewn,
Thou Shameless and Unjust;
Thou Swindle, picking pockets in
The name of Truth august;
Come down, thou hoary Blasphemy,
For die thou shalt and must.

And go it, Jacob Homnium,
And ply your iron pen,
And rise up Sir John Jervis,
And shut me up that den;
That sty for fattening lawyers in,
On the bones of honest men.

PLEACEMAN X.

THE SPECULATORS.

The night was stormy and dark, The town was shut up in sleep: Only those were abroad who were out on a lark, Or those who'd no beds to keep.

I pass'd through the lonely street, The wind did sing and blow; I could hear the policeman's feet Clapping to and fro.

There stood a potato-man In the midst of all the wet; He stood with his 'tato-can In the lonely Hay-market.

Two gents of dismal mien, And dank and greasy rags, Came out of a shop for gin, Swaggering over the flags:

Swaggering over the stones, These shabby bucks did walk; And I went and followed these seedy ones, And listened to their talk.

Was I sober or awake? Could I believe my ears? Those dismal beggars spake Of nothing but railroad shares.

I wondered more and more: Says one — "Good friend of mine, How many shares have you wrote for? In the Diddlesex Junction line?"

"I wrote for twenty," says Jim, "But they wouldn't give me one;" His comrade straight rebuked him For the folly he had done:

"O Jim, you are unawares Of the ways of this bad town; *I* always write for five hundred shares, And *then* they put me down."

"And yet you got no shares," Says Jim, "for all your boast;" "*I would* have wrote," says Jack, "but where Was the penny to pay the post?"

"I lost, for I couldn't pay That first instalment up; But here's taters smoking hot — I say Let's stop my boy and sup."

And at this simple feast The while they did regale, I drew each ragged capitalist Down on my left thumb-nail.

Their talk did me perplex, All night I tumbled and tost, And thought of railroad specs., And how money was won and lost.

"Bless railroads everywhere," I said, "and the world's advance; Bless every railroad share In Italy, Ireland, France; For never a beggar need now despair, And every rogue has a chance."

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE FOUNDLING
OF SHOREDITCH.

Come all ye Christian people, and listen to my tale,
It is all about a doctor was travelling by the rail,
By the Heaster Counties Railway (vich the shares I
don't desire),
From Ixworth town in Suffolk, vich his name did not
transpire.

A travelling from Bury this Doctor was employed
With a gentleman, a friend of his, vich his name was
Captain Loyd,
And on reaching Marks Toy Station, that is next beyond
Colchest-
-er, a lady entered into them most elegantly dressed.

She entered into the Carriage all with a tottering step,
And a pooty little Bayby upon her bussum slop;
The gentlemen received her with kindness and siwillaty,
Pitying this lady for her illness and debillaty.

She had a fust class ticket, this lovely lady said,
Because it was so lonesome she took a seeknd instead.
Better to travel by seeknd class, than sit alone in the fust,
And the pooty little Baby upon her breast she must.

A secin of her cryin, and shiverin and pail,
To her spoke this surging, the Ero of my tail;
Saysee you look unwell, Ma'am, I'll elp you if I can,
And you may tell your case to me, for I'm a meddiele man.

"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "I only look so pale,
Because I ain't accustom'd to travelling on the Rale;
I shall be better presnly, when I've ad some rest:"
And that pooty little Baby she squeeged it to her breast.

So in conwersation the journey they beguiled,
Capting Loyd and the medical man, and the lady and
the child,

Till the warious stations along the line was passed,
For even the Heastern Counties' trains must come in at last.

When at Shoreditch tumminus at lenth stopped the train,
This kind meddiele gentleman proposed his aid again.
"Thank you, Sir," the lady said, "for your kyindness dear;
My carridge and my osses is probbibly come here.

Will you old this baby, please, vilst I step and see?"
The Doctor was a famly man: "That I will," says he.
Then the little child she kist, kist it very gently,
Vieh was sucking his little fist, sleeping innocently.

With a sigh from her art, as though she would have bust it,
Then she gave the Doctor the child — wery kind he nust it:
Hup then the lady jumped hoff the bench she sate from,
Tumbled down the carridge steps and ran along the platform.

Vile hall the other passengers vent upon their vays,
The Capting and the Doctor sate there in a maze;
Some vent in a Honminibus, some vent in a Cabby,
The Capting and the Doctor vaited vith the babby.

There they sate looking queer, for an hour or more,
But their feller passinger neather on 'em sore:
Never, never, back again did that lady come
To that pooty sleeping Hinfnt a suckin of his Thum!

What could this pore Doctor do, bein treated thus,
 When the darling Baby woke, cryin for its nuss?
 Off he drove to a female friend, vich she was both kind
 and mild,
 And igsplained to her the circumstance of this year little
 child.

That kind lady took the child instantly in her lap,
 And made it very comforable by giving it some pap;
 And when she took its close off, what d'you think she found?
 A couple of ten pan notes sewn up, in its little gownd!

Also in its little close, was a note which did convey,
 That this little baby's parents lived in a handsome way:
 And for its Headuection they reglarly would pay,
 And sirtingly like gentlefolks would claim the child }
 one day,
 If the Christian people who'd charge of it would say,
 Per advertisement in the *Times*, where the baby lay.

Pity of this bayby many people took,
 It had such pooty ways and such a pooty look;
 And there came a lady forrard (I wish that I could see
 Any kind lady as would do as much for me;

And I wish with all my art, some night in *my* night gownd,
 I could find a note stitched for ten or twenty pound) —
 There came a lady forrard, that most honorable did say,
 She'd adopt this little baby, which her parents cast away.

While the Doctor pondered on this offer fair,
 Comes a letter from Devonshire, from a party there,
 Herdering the Doctor, at its Mar's desire,
 To send the little Infant back to Devonshire.

Lost in apoplexy, this pore meddiele man,
Like a sensible gentleman, to the Justice ran;
Which his name was Mr. Hammill, a honorable beak,
That takes his seat in Worship Street four times a week.

"O Justice!" says the Doctor, "instrugt me what to do,
I've come up from the country, to throw myself on you;
My patients have no doctor to tend them in their ills,
(There they are in Suffolk without their draffts and pills!)

"I've come up from the country, to know how I'll dispose
Of this pore little baby, and the twenty pun note, and
the clothes,
And I want to go back to Suffolk, dear Justice, if you
please,
And my patients wants their Doctor, and their Doctor
wants his feez."

Up spoke Mr. Hammill, sittin at his desk,
"This year application does me much perplex;
What I do advise you, is to leave this babby
In the Parish where it was left, by its mother shabby."

The Doctor from his Worship sadly did depart —
He might have left the baby, but he hadn't got the heart,
To go for to leave that Hinnocent, has the laws allows,
To the tender mussics of the Union House.

Mother, who left this little one on a stranger's knee,
Think how cruel you have been, and how good was he!
Think, if you've been guilty, innocent was she;
And do not take unkindly this little word of me:
Heaven be merciful to us all, sinners as we be!

THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time.*
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away!

Good night! — I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.

* These verses were printed at the end of a Christmas Book (1848-9),
"Dr. Birch and his young Friends."

I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen.
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave? *
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

* C. B. ob. 29th November, 1848, æt. 42.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen! whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses, or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days:

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The shepherds heard it overhead —
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

END OF VOL. III.